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## DUNDEE'S LAST TOPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY GATH BRITTLE.

There was an old toper in fair Dundee—
A toper gray and grim,
Who year after year took his beer (with an E),
Till the bier (with an I) took him.

He had scattered his wealth,
And had trifled with health,
Till his eyes had grown bleary and dim;
Till pains and aches, and fevers and shakes,
Attacked him in every limb.
He had played with a cough in a careless way,
Till off in a coffin they took him one day,
And buried him down by the sea,
Where the salt spray laves the paupers' graves,
And the joyous white laugh of the leaping waves
Makes music for sober Dundee.

One morn to an inn for a dram he hied—
The morn of the day when the toper died;
A dram without pay was his prayer;
He pleaded for rum (with a U, you know),
But they gave it instead with a double O,
By putting him out in the thoroughfare,
Where there was plenty of room, and to spare,
But where the bitter cold air
Was more than the thirsty old toper could bear.

"Ah," said he, as he gazed on the sea;
"What is the use of rum to me?
I'll show good sense, I'll hasten hence,
And deviate into abstinence,
Far, far from fair Dundee."
It was too late. The toper lay
Prone on the bank of the silvery Tay,
And in an hour he passed away,
The last old toper for many a year
In the seaport town of Forfarshire.

MORAL.

This is the lesson that all should learn
From the toper of fair Dundee:
If from a habit of evil you'd turn,
And would fain from its burdens be free,
Break the fetters at once and for all; don't wait
Till life is fast ebbing away;
To-morrow's not marked in the schedule of Fate;
Be wise, and act promptly to-day.

## THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

## THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXX.

Our love has brought us naught but sorrow,
Now Heaven forfend it brings no sin.

Clarence House—Lord Crownbrilliants' villa in Park Lane—was one blaze of light, for it was the night of the Crownbrilliants' ball, which had been the talk of ton for the last three weeks. Lady Crownbrilliants had become the fashion, Clarence House the rage, and her soirees the most sought after and desired. By what means she had reached to the proud position of leader of ton it would be difficult to say. The men declared it was because she was the most beautiful and regal of women. The women whispered that the Crownbrilliants wealth explained it. Let the reason be what it might, there was no disputing the fact—though many envious ladies were dying to do so—that Lady Crownbrilliants' assemblies, dinners and balls were the best and most brilliantly attended of any held within the charmed circle of the upper ten.

To-night was the grand ball of the season. The list of expected guests comprised the *creme de la creme* of the nobility, and included—so it was whispered—royal blood. The magnificent drawing-rooms and ball-rooms, fitted up with princely gorgeousness, had been decorated with flowers and perfumed by a novel process. The band was to perform within a little grotto of ferns and fountains. The conservatories were thrown open and illuminated, the choice singing-birds fluttering now and then into the brilliant world of gas and music, but speedily flying back to their cool retreats dazzled by the light and heat. Every luxury that could be devised had been procured, and no expense had been spared to make the Clarence House ball the great event of the season.

An hour before the time appointed for the opening, the Countess, already decked out in her ball costume, sat silent and alone in the little pink Paradise called my lady's drawing-room. With the soft light of the Etruscan lamp playing upon her perfect features and glistening on her magnificent dress, she looked superlatively lovely, yet very sad. The white bejeweled hand that supported her queenly brow trembled visibly, and a tear dropped from beneath the fringe of her silken eyelashes. With a suddenness that made her start—for the Countess Crownbrilliants was less firm of nerve and more given to starting and trembling than Carlotta Lawley—a knock came softly on the panel of the rosewood door, and, in answer to her ladyship's "Come in," her own maid entered and announced that Mr. Chichester waited admission. Her ladyship having given permission, the next minute Chudleigh Chichester entered the room. If she was changed, so was he. He looked old, somewhat more worn, and a great deal more eager, excitable and anxious.

"Carlotta!" he cried in a low, glad voice, almost embracing her side, and pressing her soft white hands to his lips. "I knew you would see me! How beautiful you look—O Heaven, how beautiful!" and he drew back a step to gaze at her now flushed face and downcast eyes.

"Have you come from the house?" she said, looking up at him with eyes in which love shone with a dim, wistful pain that proclaimed at once its guilt and unguiltiness.

"Yes," he said, sinking down by her side and still holding her hands, "but I am going back directly. You said I might come for a few minutes before the ball, and I could not stay away. I am going back directly."

There was something piteous in the wistful helplessness of his low, thrilling tones, and the Countess' eyes filled with tears.

"You will be at the ball to-night?" she asked eagerly.

"I speak to-night," he said wearily. "I don't think ——"

"You must," she said tremulously. "Oh, come, if only for a few minutes."

"I will," he said simply. "You will save me a dance?"

She nodded.

"Two if you like."

"Two then!" he said eagerly.

Then there followed a short silence, both sitting gazing at the opposite wall, and listening to each other's breathing with that restful, glorious stillness and repose which alone kept their love from driving them mad.

Then he rose.

"Time is up, Carlotta," he whispered, bending over her until his breath dimmed the tiara on her brow. "I must go. I seem to have been here only a second"—and he sighed—"good-bye ——"

"Till what time?" she asked earnestly.

"Till two o'clock."

"Good-bye!" and she walked with him to the door.

"Lady Mildred and Maud are coming about twelve," he said as he opened it. "I begged them to come earlier, but Maud had a headache and intended lying down. Good-bye till two—keep me two dances, remember, my ——"

At that moment a footstep, which Carlotta knew only too well, sounded along the corridor, and, starting with a sudden pallor, she grasped Chudleigh's arm to draw him into the room again.

But he—his face darkening—whispered:

"No, no; let me go out," and stepped out into the corridor.

"Hullo, Ch-Ch-Chichester," hiccupped as well as stammered his lordship—he had been dining and drinking heavily. "What the deuce do you mean by d-d-deserting the Hou-House, eh? Ha! ha!"

Chudleigh tried to smile, but his face only grew heavier.

"I came out for a breath of air, and looked in as I passed," he said.

"Th-hat's wight," hiccupped my lord. "Seen Carlotta? She's t-t-togging herself up for this con-confounded ball. Beastly wot I s-e-call it. I h-hate balls. I say, old f-fellow, I've had a tewwible let down over that howwible handicap. L-lost a hatful."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Chudleigh, burning at his coarse allusion to the woman whom he loved and reverenced, but whom this man—her husband—had grown to regard in the light of a superb piece of furniture or a thoroughbred horse.

"S-so was I," laughed his lordship. "I'm hanged if I've pulled a s-single event off lately. F-wightful l-luck—f-wightful! W-where's Carlotta?"

"I do not know," answered Chudleigh with some truth, for he could not tell whether she had stayed in the drawing-room or gone into the adjoining chamber.

"D-don't know!" retorted his lordship, whose tipsy mood was ready on the slightest provocation to change from the good to the bad tempered. "H-haven't you just l-left her? hic!"

"Yes," said Chudleigh, walking away and trying to keep the contempt raging in his heart from becoming manifest in his tones. "I left her in the drawing-room."

"Ah!" said his lordship, "th-there you are, you see. Why couldn't you say so?" and he stared with drunken gravity after the retreating figure of his unhappy, unsuccessful rival, adding, with a ponderous shake of the head, "Y-you're a g-good d- leal too much with her l-ladyship, Mr. Ch-Chichester. I'll ——. Where's the Countess?" he broke off to ask of the lady's maid, who at that moment came out of one of the rooms.

"In her room, dressing, my lord," replied the woman, with prompt glibness; and his lordship, not daring to penetrate the *sanctum sanctorum* of her whom he had ceased to love; but not to fear, stumbled downstairs again.

The Countess who had stood trembling behind the door of the drawing-room, where she could hear every word, threw herself on the couch in an agony of despair and remorse as her husband's shuffling, uncertain footsteps followed the steady, stern ones of the man it was her agony to love.

One o'clock, and the ball is in full swing, the room one flash of brilliant light and color, the air laden with perfume, and thick with the delicious strains of a fashionable band. The "Lancers" have just been gone through. Couples are gliding off to the cool conservatories and in search of ices and frozen wines. Mammas with marriageable daughters are on the tip-toe of anxiety respecting their charges. Politicians are discussing in little knots in corners and alcoves. A group of assiduous courtiers crowd round the royal personage who lights up the illustrious assemblage with the sunlight of his presence, and the Countess is gliding to and fro with her lovely face all in a sweet and pleasant smile, forgetting no one, neglecting nothing of the duty that falls upon the shoulders of the hostess.

"The Countess is looking grand to-night," remarked Lord Hawthorn to his friend the Marquis of Hawtry, with whom he was drinking some champagne in a cool recess.

"Magnificent!" assented the Marquis. "Can't make that woman out though. I believe," and his voice here sank to a whisper, "that there's something wrong—or will be if Crownbrilliants doesn't look sharp."

"Eh? what, with young Chich ——"

"Hush! no names!" interrupted the Marquis cautiously, looking round as he spoke. "You never can tell who's on the other side of a shrubbery."

"But you don't mean ——" asked Lord Hawthorn, aghast.

"In other words, yes—afraid so. Crownbrilliants regularly cut him out—overbid him, you know. It's always the way. Always. Look at the Countess Filnart, Lady Markington, and —oh, a host of others. It's a dreadful thing; but, mind, I feel for her more than I do for Crownbrilliants. He's gone all wrong lately. Getting turfy, and drinks—whew!—like a fish. He was always fond of the bottle, you know, but kept it quiet until after his marriage. Now he's let the painter go, and is as far adrift as a man can be without going down. Hands aboard. Hush! There they go. That's him whose arm she's leaning on. Handsome fellow, and making his way in the House. It's a deuced bad job."

Chudleigh had arrived, and the Marquis was quite right when he said he saw the Countess leaning on his arm.

"You are tired," he said as they strolled through the cool, refreshing world of flowers and ferns. "Rest here a little while."

She sank into the little nook he pointed out to her, and leant against the rock beside her, his dark, earnest eyes fastened upon her sad, lovely face.

"Shall I get you anything?" he whispered.

She shook her head.

"No; I want nothing but a little rest. O Chudleigh, Chudleigh, if you knew how weary I am, how weary! Would to Heaven I were dead!"

He was on his knee beside her, his face white, his lips working.

"Hush, hush, my darling. You will kill me! Dead! Think what should I do if you were ——Ah!" and he shuddered. "I cannot speak the word. O Carlotta, Carlotta, my darling! I am going mad! I am dying with the daily longing, the daily despair! O my love, my love, what is to be done? What—Carlotta!"—he broke off with a sudden gasp—"Carlotta, there is one thing left. We cannot endure it longer. It kills me to think that you are bound to him! O Heaven! I shall go mad, my darling! Fly from him! Fly——"

She started to her feet with a shudder and a suppressed scream.

"Go, go, go!" she breathed. "Take me to Maud—gentle Maud—or I am lost!"

He rose and she grasped his arm. He trembled and grew pale. The mere mention of his sister's name had shown him the deadliness of his temptation, and caused a revulsion of feeling.

"Come," he said, and lead her through the conservatory into the room again, her face still a little white, though the smile had returned to it.

In a quiet, cool corner they found Maud, attended on by a gray-haired colonel, whose voice and hands were soft and tender as a woman's, notwithstanding he had assisted to carry the heaviest and most frightful of the redoubts on the dread Balaklava.

Maud was very little better for her Christmas in town, though it was far on in May. Sir Fielding had still remained in London, for the doctors had assured him that there was nothing physically wrong with his dearly-loved daughter, and the gentle girl's ailment was mental, though in what shape they did not, perhaps because they would not, say. In compliance with their advice, Sir Fielding had plunged into gayety and fashion, hoping that every ball and every opera would serve to dispel the unwonted sadness and paleness that had visited his Maud. She made room for Carlotta beside her with a sweet smile that came at once as balm and additional force to the Countess' troubled soul, and Chudleigh, bowing, strode off to get the cool night air upon his brow from one of the terraces.

"Well, dear Carlotta, have you been dancing much?" she asked, taking her hand; but adding before Carlotta could answer: "How hot your hand is! It burns like fire. Are you not well?"

"Yes, yes, my dear!" replied Carlotta. "The room is hot, and I am rather tired. Are you not warm?"

"Yes, but not like this," said Maud, gently lifting her hand and laying it against her cheek. "It is like a coal. Are you ill?"

"No, no," replied Carlotta wearily. "Not ill, Maudie, only tired—only tired."

"Can we not go on the terrace a little while?" Maud asked of the colonel.

"Will you let me take you?" he said, with delighted gallantry.

Taking the two on his arm, he led them to the terrace.

"It is cool here," said Maud.

"I will get you an ice," said the colonel, hurrying away.

"Now, Carlotta dear," said Maud, putting her arm round her waist and drawing the unhappy woman to her soft, gentle bosom. "Tell me really and truthfully, are you not ill?"

Carlotta covered her eyes with her hands for a moment; then, in her turn, drew Maud towards her, and, looking into her pure, gentle eyes, said, almost hoarsely:

"Ill, ill? Are we not both ill, child, with the same disease—love?"

And as Maud shrank from her grasp with a crimson flush she glided into the room again, leaving Maud, panting and breathless, face to face with her own heart upon the terrace. What did Carlotta mean? Was it possible that she had read her secret, looked into her heart and seen the image of the being enshrined there? Her secret!—hers no longer, since another shared it. Then she wept, but fell to trembling as she thought of Carlotta herself, and, half-annoyed, half-frightened, closed her eyes and shut from her heart the fearful thoughts and dread that had just entered it, murmuring:

"No, no; Chudleigh is too good—too good."

Then, hearing the footsteps of the colonel approaching, she withdrew to another part of the balcony, for her heart was too full to bear anyone near her.

So, leaning against the marble balustrade, her sweet face upon her hand, she stayed for nearly an hour looking into the world of stars, thinking of that other starlit, moonlight night, when the heavens had seemed glorious to her with a fresh glory born of the sound of one sweet, grave voice, and the touch of his strong yet gentle arms, and listening to the bursts of music that came fitfully through the high window into the night air.

Suddenly, while she sat there, motionless and rapt, a nameless yet distinct commotion in the room behind her roused her, and, rising with a sigh, she walked silently toward one of the windows. When she reached it she could see that a waltz had just been finished, and that the hot and flushed dancers, instead of walking to and fro, and struggling out into the terraces or into the conservatory, were standing looking at a group of persons, amongst them Lord and Lady Crownbrilliants and her aunt, collected round a tall figure whose head rose above the surrounding ones. She recognized the grand face instantly, notwithstanding a certain strange change about it, and her heart gave a sudden leap that made her turn faint and cling to the pillar of the window for support. In the giddy ringing in her ears she heard someone near her say:

"Look, that is he—that is Lucian, the greatest painter and musician and the most marvelous man of the age, I think. See what a grand head—it's like a Roman emperor's. Mistaken! Not I—Maurice Durant, a country clergyman—not a bit of it. I tell you it is Lucian the painter. I have seen him scores of times in Venice and Rome. Talk about romance ——"

Maud heard no more, for she moved to the terrace and turned her face to the stars. Was she asleep or dreaming? The burning increased—came nearer. She could hear his voice. It was change, its sternness had gone; there was a light, musical ring, a certain joyous freedom about it that made her weep—she could not tell why. She would not faint, though at every word of the ringing voice her soul seemed growing larger, and her senses less distinct. The music bursting out drowned the voice. A footstep—his—sounded behind her. She turned, caught one glimpse of his grand, splendid face, lit up with a glorious smile, heard her name breathed in a voice of heavenly music, felt his arms cling around her falling form—his kisses on her brow—then swooned of pure delight and excess of joy.

* * * * * * *

"Am I dreaming?—am I dead?" she breathed, opening her eyes, and turning them to his, that looked down into them.

"Not dreaming or dead, my darling, but mine—mine!"

And he drew her closer to him. She breathed a sigh and sank upon his breast. He shook with delight, and his voice, quivering like a leaf, whispered in her ear:

"Do not speak, my beloved—rest—rest. I am thine—thou art mine. When thou wakest I will tell thee all. Sleep—sleep."

### CHAPTER XXXI.

This is the fairy promise of a happier time.

Before half an hour had passed the news had spread that the unknown artist of the great pictures the world had been marveling at for the last ten years had suddenly come to light, and was in the room, and speedily the Countess and my Lord Crownbrilliants were besieged by eager requests for an introduction, while the uninitiated were trying to get out of the confusion which his two names threw their minds into.

How could Lucian, the painter and musician, be the Reverend Maurice Durand, the Rector of Grassmere? Lady Crownbrilliants could give her numerous inquirers no information. She had only known Maurice Durant as Maurice Durant, and until the discovery had been made by a great traveler and art patron in the room, had not been aware of his identity. Neither could she satisfy her friends with an introduction, for Maurice Durant could not be found. But when the excitement and curiosity had somewhat ceased the curtains on the balcony were thrown aside, and he appeared with Lady Mildred and Maud on either arm.

GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING, Vocal and Instrumental Musician.
(For Sketch See Amusement Annals.)

Of course he was surrounded at once, but, recluse as they thought him, he showed by his ready wit and the ease with which he disengaged himself from the crowd without giving offense, a knowledge of the world and its tactics that startled and surprised Lady Mildred. Several artists, who recognized him as the silent painter at Venice, came forward and shook hands, and asked eagerly of his adventures and his whereabouts; but he parried their questions with some light answer and a winning smile, and at last made his way to the hall. As he stood bareheaded beside the carriage-door, helping Lady Mildred and Maud to enter, a dark figure stepped from beneath the laurels and stood observing him. When the carriage had rolled away, the dark Italian face of the watcher lit up with a sardonic smile, and the red lips murmured:

"Soh, soh; all goes merry as a marriage-bell! Oh, my Lucian, I have thee beautifully! Well shalt thou pay for thy shot and my riddled arm. Beautifully! Beautifully!"

On their way to Grosvenor Square Lady Mildred sat staring at him as if he had been a spectre, occasionally dropping her eyes to Maud's happy, dreamy face and her hand, which lay tightly clasped in the strong one of Maurice Durant's, and it was not until they had arrived home and found Sir Fielding still up and reading in the drawing-room that she recovered her presence of mind.

To say that Sir Fielding was surprised is to give his astonishment a mild name.

"Maurice Durant!" he exclaimed, too startled to hold out his hand, but recovering quickly enough to grasp the one held out to him.

"Aye, Maurice Durant, Sir Fielding! I do not wonder at your surprise. A bear in damask dancing at a fair is not a stranger sight than Maurice Durant in ball costume. Your eyes ask for an explanation. I will give you one to-morrow—to-day rather—your timepiece strikes three," and a light, happy smile broke over his grand face.

Sir Fielding looked first at Maud and then at him again, for his joyous smile was reflected in her lovely, blushing face.

"But—but ——"

"Ah, Sir Fielding!" exclaimed Maurice Durant, laying his hand upon Sir Fielding's shoulder. "Give me till the sun has risen. Ask me to dine with you—tell me I am welcome to your house, your home, your ——"

He stopped, sent one glance from his dark eyes at the motionless form of Maud, and then went on quickly:

"For I am free to accept! Free! Free! Free!" he repeated, throwing up his hands and shaking his mass of brown hair with a laugh that rang through the room. "Free! You, Sir Fielding, see the word makes four letters, and means—well, free! At liberty. To me it means all the universe—life! happiness! love! Bah! I am talking enigmas. Give me till sunrise—till dinner-time, and then ——"

Sir Fielding looked at Lady Mildred, but she threw up her hands and shook her head. He looked at Maud, and she quivered, flushed, burst into tears and sprang to his heart. Maurice Durant drew himself to his full height and smiled—ah, what a smile!

"Sir Fielding," he cried, "you hold against your breast the rarest gem that Heaven ever gave to earth—the sweetest jewel that shall ever deck its throne! I come a few hours later to ask you to give me your gem—your precious jewel. Until then let her rest upon your breast as, if Heaven's mercy goeth so far, she shall evermore rest on mine."

Then he strode forward, beat his head till the lips touched Maud's tiny hand, and, with a regal bow to Sir Fielding and Lady Mildred, was gone, Maud at the same moment tearing herself from her astounded father's arms and flying to her own room.

"What in the name of Heaven does all this mean, Mildred?" asked Sir Fielding, sinking into a chair.

"Don't ask me, Fielding," replied Lady Mildred breathlessly. "I don't know. Did you ever see such a change in your life? He looks five years younger, and quite another man. You should have seen him at the Countess'; the whole room was in an uproar. Everybody knew him or wanted to know him."

"What!" said Sir Fielding, getting more puzzled every moment.

"Yes," went on Lady Mildred. "He came into the room about two o'clock, looking like a prince, his long hair brushed off his face, which is a remarkable one, is it not? He came in alone, no one with him, and caught sight of me as I sat beside a window for the air. I didn't know him scarcely, he looked so much thinner. He's been ill, very ill, I can see. Besides, I couldn't believe my senses. Fancy what you would have thought yourself, Fielding, if you had seen him enter a room quite suddenly, dressed as he is to-night, and looking so happy and different to what he used to be. Well, he left me all of a maze, and I saw him go up to Carlotta. Directly after that someone in the room recognized him as the painter of those pictures you've been wondering about so much, and immediately a crowd—you know how they throng round one, Fielding—surrounded him. Well, I lost sight of him, and, getting over my astonishment—it really upset me—I began to look for Maud. Couldn't find her anywhere! Oh, dear me! I hunted everywhere, that dear creature the Countess Fondimere too; but no, she wasn't to be found. At last, in a corner of the terrace, I came upon Maurice Durant with Maudie lying upon his breast. You might have knocked me down with a feather, Fielding," and Lady Mildred began to cry with excitement. "I went up to him, but before I could say a word he looked up calm and cool, with that lifting of the eyebrows he always had, and said: 'Looking for your flower, Lady Mildred? Here it is, safe, sound and lovely as ever,' and his voice sounded so beautiful with that charming foreign ring in it. Well, what could I do? Maud wouldn't say a word, and he was calm and cool, only very happy, as —— well, you know; and then, before I knew where we were almost, he had made his way out of the room, got the carriage, and here we were."

"Heaven bless me!" said Sir Fielding. "Heaven bless me. Is it possible that ——"

"What?" said Lady Fielding.

"That I'm going to bed, my dear Mildred," said he, and with a smile upon his puzzled face he retreated.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

This story will be better still untold.—BUTLER.

Dinner was over. Sir Fielding looked at Maurice Durant, and then at Chudleigh, who rose and muttered something; but Maurice Durant, who was quick of eye, smiled and laid his hand on Chudleigh's arm.

"No, no, Sir Fielding; Mr. Chichester is one of us, and has more than a right to stay. Sit down again, I pray."

So Chudleigh sat down, and Sir Fielding uneasily handed the bottle. At the time Maurice Durant was the only one calm. Lifting his glass to his lips, he sipped it, then commenced, the Italian accent in his earnest voice, at first very faint and hardly distinguishable, but gradually becoming stronger as he proceeded, and giving his last words a music inexpressibly subtle and touching.

"Sir Fielding, last night, or rather this morning, I promised to explain to you the strange change in my manner, and the scene that occurred at the Countess Crownbrilliants' last night. They have in Italy a proverb which says, Do naught before sleep. I have slept, and in my sleep have changed my mind. With your gracious permission I will not confess—for confession it would be—the wrongs of my life, which bound me hand and foot by a chain whose links were eating into my soul when I last saw you. Ah, Sir Fielding, Mr. Chichester, you have spent you lives free from sin—from shame. I honor you. Enough. Let me tell you that my past life has been cursed by one error—one sin. Since the day I left the old Rectory, light-hearted and glad" (here his voice got low and broken), "my father—peace be to his soul in death, I brought him none in life—fond and proud, I have not known till one night in this last November one happy day. I have traveled the world to and fro—sometimes like a prince, sometimes with the poverty and hardship of a priest. I have painted in palaces in *la belle France* and in the hovels of Bohemia—ridden on the boulevards, hunted on the prairies, and starved in the bush, in one vain endeavor to forget, to fly from the curse which hung over me till that blessed night in November when Heaven sent, amidst the wind and the rain, an angel in demon's form to lift it from my soul. Why should I give you the history of that curse? Why should I rake up the ashes of my sin, dig from the grave the secret that has been buried for years? To no purpose, to no avail. Enough that it is expiated for, that I hold the proof of its death and burial, of its eternal ending, on a slip of paper against my breast. Enough that the chains that bound me, the despair that made me a prisoner weary of life, a man more like a heartless, silent brute than aught else, have fallen from me forever, and that, redeemed, freed, emancipated, I come to ask of you your child.

"I would have come before, but the blow, the sudden joy, o'erthrew a frame which I, its owner, would have pledged it to withstand. I have been ill, delirious, mad, what you will, for months. Chains so heavy and so long worn could not be riven without a shock.

"But I am myself again—myself, do I say?—a thousand times better, stronger, happier than the Maurice of old, dying to pour out my love for your sweet child—my angel Maud.

"Sir Fielding, it would be false modesty were I to tell you that I knew not if I held your daughter's heart. I know—and Heaven knows how I glory in the knowledge—that she giveth me love for love. Take heed how you refuse. By Heaven! I will not answer for myself—I have been hardly tried, Sir Fielding—if you should say me nay."

Here his voice grew broken again, and his hand, as it rested on the table, shook visibly.

Sir Fielding drew his hand across his eyes, but could not speak.

Maurice Durant, in a lower voice, went on: "Think me not forgetful of my respect to you—her father. There are matters which soil love's feathers if they do but light upon them. Gold turns black against a pure love; but gold must be spoken of, so I hasten to tell you that there is enough, and more than enough, to satisfy a harder father than yourself.

"Think not," he added with a flash of his eyes, and a gesture that actually made Sir Fielding tremble, "that I would buy my Maud. Were I poor as a saint I would ask her of you. No, Sir Fielding. Gold to those who love the dross, for us let us shun it."

Sir Fielding flushed.

"Another word would have wounded me," he murmured.

"Therefore I said it not," said Maurice Durant, leaning over and grasping his hand, while he let the other fall on Chudleigh's shoulder.

"Come, Sir Fielding, give me the right to call Maud my wife and yourself my father!"

Sir Fielding pressed his hand, and, mastering his emotion, muttered:

"Take her, Maurice Durant. Of the past, so that it be vanished, I wish to know nothing; of the future, it is in your care."

"Nay!" cried Maurice Durant, rising with a reverent look upon his face. "But in Heaven's."

* * * * *

"You love me, my darling?" rang out the low words as the beautiful girl nestled against his heart in the soft firelight. "You love me?"

"Could I live if I did not?" she breathed back tenderly.

"And you do not fear me?" asked he, a slight shade flitting across his brow.

"Not more than I ought," was the reply as the loving eyes filled with tears. "I cannot but look up as the flowers raise their heads to the sun—not with pride, but with loving humility. You are my king! Speak, I obey; smile, and I love; frown, and I die; but smile or frown, I love you—I love you always and forever."

The dark eyes above her were filled with tears—the first that had shone there for many a long year.

"My darling, my rose, my gem! Heaven is too good to me."

"No, no," she murmured.

Then, pressing her to his breast, he walked slowly to the piano, and, sitting down, poured out his heart in a burst of grand music that seemed to the gentle girl leaning on his shoulder to be born indeed of Heaven and its angelic choir.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE LETTER L.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

She counted over the apple-seeds:*
"One I love, two I love, three I love, I say;
Four I love with all my heart,
And five I cast away.
But why should I cast you away, sweetheart?
I will pare an apple and throw the peel,
And the letter it forms upon the floor
My love's name shall to me reveal."
She tossed the paring over her head,
Casting it high, and throwing well,
And forming down on the floor she read
Her future fate in the letter—L.

O woman! your fate is in one, two, three;
Yet five you can never cast away.
Your eyes are blinded, you cannot see
What lies before you as clear as day.
You cast life's paring over your head,
You trust your fate to a senseless thing,
You find a name when you seek for bread,
And make a mock of the wedding-ring.
You are ready to lean into the dark,
Though you know it is either for heaven or hell;
You are far too heedless, and you embark
On as light a thing as the letter—L.

* It is customary with the young girls of New England in Autumn and Winter to count apple-seeds in this way for a lover, and throw the apple-paring to form the lover's initial.

## GENEVRA ROMAINE'S FATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY ETTIE ROGERS.

The little house looked like a small fragment of some ancient castle of the Old World. Its low walls were of pale gray stone, the jagged angles of its roof defied any architectural description, and it was draped from the tip of its clustering, comical chimneys to the iron-grated windows of its base with thick, dark, green, glossy-leaved ivy. An abundant blossoms of the "Queen of the Prairie" hung in festoons of pale pink and vivid velvety crimson about the deep, narrow-mullioned windows and Gothic doors. The garden was a tangle of roses of bridal-white and damask-red, and scented sprays of yellow-bloom like disks of gold.

This odd little house and delicious garden were set in the heart of a rich green country girded by fair, pine-topped hills, and a rampart of far away purple peaks forever swept by a phantasmagoria of cloud in a sheen of silver, a flush of rose, or a haze of amethyst.

My room was low and long and quaint. It was wainscoted with oak, and its walls and ceiling were painted in some delicate, misty, tawny tint, as delightful as peculiar. The moss-brown carpet was strewn with purple pansies and sailing lilies, and the sofas and chairs were cushioned in silken violet and maize. A few rare old pictures in frames of tarnished gilt adorned the walls; and one, placed between the two windows, directly opposite a tall pier-glass at the other end of the apartment, was the life size portrait of a beautiful woman.

This pictured beauty was shaped like a Hebe; she had an innocent lily-face, sparkling eyes of violet-blue, a braided crown of pale-gold hair, pink dimpled cheeks, and pouting scarlet lips. She was dressed in a sort of toilet worn nearly a century ago—such as one often now sees among masquerade costumes; a short skirt and short low corsage of white satin, flounced with lace and garlanded with white roses; and over this a trained robe of pale-blue velvet, fringed with gold. Pearls and white rose-buds adorned the hair and bosom, and pearls and rubies flashed on the neck and arms through the modest drapery of cloudy lace.

To one of an impassioned and imaginative temperament the exquisite painted form and face suggested at all times some dead romance. When had she lived? whom had she loved? and how and where had she died?

I had hired the place, just as it was, with its antique furniture and one antiquated servant, for a few weeks of Summer rest. The house was not a furlong away from the busy, gossiping village of Roselynne, and yet to me it seemed utterly isolated in a beautiful and soul-soothing seclusion. Here, among the scent of roses and apple-bloom, from the rhymeless music of bird songs, the hum of bees and the chirp of insects, or from the thunderous dirges of a storm among the hills, I could weave my elegies, a fantasia or extravaganza, unmolested, as born and measured by my mood.

Very late one night, when the old moon hung white and glittering above the tallest western mountain peaks, I sat alone in my room, gazing through my open windows upon the far-stretching orchards without—the garden and the orchards that waved in the sweet night-breezes like a foamy sea flushed with the gold and rose of an aurora borealis.

The call of a distant night-bird, the rustle of a mouse in the wainscoting, or the creaking of the dead tree that grazed against the windows that flanked the portrait—some sound that was neither a song, nor a flutter, nor a sigh, startled me.

I arose from my recumbent ease on a sofa and looked curiously about me.

The luminous, silvery splendor of the old moon-crescent lay broad and clear down the length of the room and touched the picture of the painted woman with an unearthly light.

As I looked, the vivid scarlet of the lips, the lustre of the azure eyes, the coronal of dead-gold hair, the exquisite figure and face, seemed to grow dim and fade away, and a shroud of ghostly, bluish-white cloud veiled the canvas from the ceiling to the floor. And then out of the spectral cloud grew a delicate, corpse-like form, and with a waving of waxen hands and a mesmeric gaze of eyes that were like two smothered blue flames, transfixed me as if in a night-mare.

"I am Genevra Romaine," said an æolian voice that thrilled me. "You have often looked upon me as I was once in the days of my youth and pride and loveliness. My lady, fifty years have come and gone since those halcyon days. Shall I tell you what my life was like then? It was like that of the skylark you found dead among the roses this morning—the dead bird with the broken wing, whose heart had been pierced, while it was singing towards the sun, by a sportsman's heedless shot. It was like the lily you plucked this morning before it was torn and trampled by the strange bloodhounds that bayed at your gate. A lily and a lark—that was what *he* called me—the man I loved. My lover was Col. Beresford. He had much wealth, and he was heir to a title, and all I had was this little house, with its gardens and fields of roses and apple-bloom. But he wooed me as a gallant knight should woo a royal lady, and I became his wife. But our marriage was act dead of night, in darkness and secrecy. No bridal bells were rung; I wore no orange-flowers, nor bridal satins and laces. There was no witness of our wedding vows save the one acolyte of the weak old priest who read the service and heard our promises, and will declared us man and wife. But I was satisfied and happy with my handsome, dark-eyed husband. His house was our home, this very room our marriage chamber. I loved the place, for here I was born and here my parents died; I loved it with an eternal love, and when my husband was made *Count* Beresford I was loth to leave it for his home across the sea. At first my husband laughed at my foolish fondness for the place where he had wooed and won me; he said he must cage his singing lark in his beautiful English castle; that he must clothe his wild-wood lily in cloth of gold and royal jewels, and that she must live deliciously and fare sumptuously with the titled and favored friends of his own country. Still at the end of a year he went alone and left me here desolate. Oh, it was a weary, dreary time! He never wrote, he never sent for me, he never came."

The voice ceased in a quivering wail, and again all was silent save the rustle of some rodent wandering behind the wainscoting, or the rattle of the dead tree-limbs without the windows. Then the hands, so unearthly and luminous, seemed to stir the vapory vail through which the strange, spectral eyes scintillated like incandescent sapphires.

"I said he never came," spoke the vision; "but he did after twelve silent months had passed. He came at dead of night, and surprised me sleeping in yonder old oaken bed, where you lay only last night. He did not awake me with kisses, as he had been wont to do when he loved me first. I was aroused from sweet dreams of him by his cruel hand crushing my lips like a weight of iron, and the deadly, suffocating odor of some insidious drug scorching up my nostrils to my brain. I was conscious of being in his arms, and then of listening to the rumble of wheels with a dread and delirious affright. At length the roaring and the whirring ceased, and I heard no longer the steady, maddening thud of hoof-beats, the roll of wheels, nor the hard-drawn breath of galloping horses. There was a pause in the journey; a gush of balmy wind, cool with dew and delicious with the perfume of flowers, swept over me. I heard the murmur of voices, and, peeping cautiously through the curtains of a closed carriage, where I found myself alone, I saw through the dusky, yellow haze of dawn the dismal, iron-barred portals of a *mad-house*. On the dark, mouldy steps of the entrance stood Count Beresford in a confidential conference with a strange man, whose visage of stone and smirk of cunning seemed to chill my blood to ice. They turned and came towards the carriage. There was a cruel laugh on the lips of my husband, and on the bestial front of his companion a savage seeming of gratification, and of obsequiousness also. If I had heard their words, I could not have known more fully the import of those soft, whispered sounds. My handsome, dark-haired husband was tired of his unrecognized wife, but coward to the core of his false, black heart, he dared not take the life of the bride he despised, and so had determined to consign her to the keeping of that demon-visaged master of the gibbering wretches whose shrieks and curses I could hear within those horrible iron walls. Purposely, I lay like one dead as they approached. They bore me within the portals and laid me upon the damp, icy floor of the hall, until the two—the lackey of crime and the lackey of the criminal—should drink to my destruction in an ante-room near where I was lying. I could see the glitter of crystal and the gleam of amber wine; and as the uplifted glasses clinked rim to rim, I sprang noiselessly to my feet, and fled through the yellow dusk of the dawn. Perhaps it was instinct that guided and guarded me on the long and tortuous way back to this place. I reached the house and this room on another just such night and hour as this. The same old moon hung glittering over the purple mountain peaks. Just the same lustre of pink and rose and gold and sea-foam white lay on garden and field. At that window by the pier-glass yonder I looked in and saw my husband sitting where you sit now, and embraced on his false bosom he held his new wife—a brown-eyed, red-lipped woman. I had brought with him from over the sea. I watched them until my eyes were seared by the sight of her sweet trust and his diabolical treachery. She slept at last—the soundless, unbroken sleep of innocence and joy. Then I called his name. He pushed the window-sash ajar, and came to my side where I stood among the roses. Even at that moment I loved him. I loved him even when he wrenched a dagger from his bosom and plunged it in my heart as I wept kneeling at his feet. He did not withdraw the murderous blade, but he lifted me in his arms and bore me to the foot of the dead creaking tree behind me now, and there, while his new bride slept, he dug a shallow grave and tossed me in, and covered me over with the green sods of the garden. At dawn he and his bride-eyed bride were the tallest western mountain peaks, I sat alone in my room, gazing through my open windows upon the far-stretching orchards without—the garden and the orchards that waved in the sweet night-breezes like a foamy sea flushed with the gold and rose of an aurora borealis.

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# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1878.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

E. AND C., Hartford.—1. The value of straights should be agreed upon before beginning play. They are variously played to beat two pair and to beat three of a kind, high card criterion, to limit the penalty. The bet cannot be decided unless a straight had been assigned a value before beginning play. If no such value had been given at a poker hand unless extremely made such, and will beat nothing except, through its high card, a hand in which there is no pair. This pot, however, belongs to K. because B. holding three of a kind, had surrendered it to K.'s straight. The outside party had no business to interfere, and B could not profit by his interference. 2. It is only within the past dozen years that a straight would be permitted to beat three of a kind in any coterie. Before that, it beat but two pair. Now it beats nothing unless its value has been agreed upon. It happens to win in this case on the same principle that it would have beaten four aces—because B gave up the money. He either did this through ignorance or a mistake, or he did it because he thought that a straight ought to beat three of a kind. Either way, it is laid to the stakes unless E chooses to be generous and let him off.

FRANK M. C., Cleveland.—"Three men are playing draw-poker. The dealer helps each man to five cards (one card at a time), and puts down the deck. Each man looks at his hand, and then one of them demands that the rest of the cards left in the deck be shuffled before any one of the three shall draw cards. Now, has he any right to demand any such thing, and must the dealer shuffle them before anyone can draw cards?".....No one can insist upon the cards being shuffled in such a case. The dealer has the right to shuffle them ought certa nly to suffice to show, through the declination of some other party to have them shuffled, contemplated fraud. Then the player who called for a new shuffle has another remedy. Fraud cannot prevail except through the negligence of those upon whom it is sought to be practiced. See "Poker, Cleveland."

G. D. SPORT.—According to the rules of the ring, thirty seconds are allowed between rounds (a round being at an end when either of the contestants is down), and either man failing to be at the scratch within eight seconds after the call of "time" loses the battle. In glove-fighting in England it is customary to limit the rounds to three minutes each, with one minute between, and ten seconds to get to the middle after the call, wrestling being barred, and a combatant going down before the three minutes are up, whether from a blow or otherwise, being allowed ten seconds to rest, unassisted, and renew the round. Sometimes, however, as in most of the stage fights that have taken place here, a round is considered at an end when one of the contestants has been knocked or fought down, a half minute (with ten seconds' grace) being the time between rounds.

CASSINO, Boston.—1. Can make the pile "eights," as described. 2. His pile is "sixes," same as your "eights," and cannot be built upon. But he must say "Sixes," as you must say "Eights." Under case he could lay a six upon a SIX and saying "I leave it" do not make the pile "sixes," and the opponent can separate them. A player's intentions must be clearly expressed. 3. No. It can be built to ten. 4. Generally speaking, every player who builds has in his hand a card that will take the build. 4. A player can build upon his partner's pile. 5. There is no such publication. You should get someone who knows the game to teach you.

P. MCL.—As we are constantly urging, an organization of this kind can do as its members think best. Whatever they do is proper, for there is no higher authority than themselves. When they, wisely or unwisely, attempt to run their organization by Parliamentary or Congressional laws, those laws are to be entirely subservient to the presiding officer's interpretation of them, and not from ours. In courtesy, there should be no ruling but the presiding officer's, and in courtesy that should be deferred to. We are not posted upon the Parliamentary usage, rather than Parliamentary usage, is what is desired most in such organizations.

E. W. B., Gloversville.—That game ceased to be pinpool the moment it was required that low man should furnish the stakes. In altering the game you should have provided for this and all other emergencies from which regular pinpool is free. Under your rules, the player whose negligence had jeopardized the other players, should be called upon to pay the stakes; but A can well object, in the absence of any preadoption of that as a penalty, to accept the enforcement. B might not be liable for more than the penalty in case B, C or D had shown the same negligence as himself. Make all your rules when you make your new games.

P. D., Philadelphia.—The original cast of "The Black Crook" was as follows: Count Wolfenstein, J. W. Blaisdell; Rodolphe, G. C. Boniface; Von Puffengruntz, J. G. Maeder; Hertog, H. Morrogh; Mercury, George Aiking; Dragonfin, Hernandez Foster; Zamiel, E. B. Holmes; Skudaweip, H. A. Rendle; Red Glare, Mr. Clark; Woltgar, E. Barry; Bruno, Mr. Ellis; Caspar, Mr. Weaver; Ian, Mr. Little; Saladin, Miss Annie Young; Asmia, Miss Morton; Dame Barbara, Miss Mary Wells; Carline, Milly Cavendish; Rosetta, Miss C. Whitlock.

FREEMASONS, Philadelphia.—It is impossible to state the precise number of people in Gilmore's Garden on the occasion of the largest attendance. It is estimated that about 10,000 persons were present at the Arion Ball Feb. 22, and the greatest crowd at the Academy of Music, 9,424 persons, but many alterations have since been made. The largest attendance was during the Moody and Sankey revival meetings, when seats were placed in the arena. The number then present at one time has been estimated at 20,000 persons.

POKER, Cleveland.—C was justified in calling for a new shuffle. A's hand (or the cards) was prima-facie evidence of a dishonest purpose. That purpose might have been in behalf of B or of C. When C proposed to shuffle the cards and B refused, it then became apparent in whose interest the shuffle would inure, and B would not take the bet in the pot and his own money and leave the game. A had no right to touch the pack. As he had passed, he had no right to handling or looking at the cards thereafter. They should have been in the same heap as the discards.

DEXTER PARK, Chicago.—George Brown (the Black) has, we learn, fought thrice in the ring, viz., beat Bill Stanley, 75, Pound Creek, near Chicago, June 4, 1867; had draw with Tom Gaskell, $100, 41 rounds, 1h. 20m., police interfered, room, Chicago, Dec. 20, 1875; beat Dennis Healy (black), $100, 23 rounds, 51min., N. Y. City, July 24, 1876. Gaskell was the champion of England. Johnny Mosley's Black) with the gloves, at Cleveland, O., Dec. 12, 1859, and Jan. 30, 1860, and had a turn-up with Mackey.

J. E. M., Sandy Spring.—1. A there was no handeal. A counts his turned up jack. 2. As A and C had simply missed playing to two tricks, there was no revoke, which consists in withholding a suit-card and playing an odd-suit, and B counts his high, low and jack. But B and D are shrewd all-fours players to permit A and C to twice miss playing to tricks. We venture to say that such a case was never heard of before. No trick that had not four cards can be played to. Therefore B must stand on his hand as the trump, whether a card has been led or not. His notion that he could chance from hearts to spades, and then from spades to clubs, is erroneous.

CONSTANT READER.—There is no difference between an inch square and a mile square, or a mile square and a square mile. But two square inches cover but half the area of two inches square.

C. P., Akron.—1. We think the company has disbanded. 2 If you mean Capt. Taylor, he is dead. 3. Mrs. Chanirau's Combination. A letter addressed in care of this office will reach him.

WILD CHESTNUT.—B must take all the cards he originally called for. Had you been playing poker properly, B could not have called twice inasmuch as he would have had to discard before he called at all.

C. K., Boston.—1. Heenan and Sayers fought April 17, 1860; Edwards and Chambers, Sept. 4, 1872. 2. The Paris crew beat the Ward Brothers at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 21, 1868.

H. H., Schenectady.—The "original motion as amended" was carried. Your little organization is not Parliament or Congress. Whatever it does is apt to be right, because it does not can say it is wrong and prove it.

L. AND G., 125.—There are a dozen different kinds of baratelle. Guessing at the game you probably have reference to, it is optional to play at the red or not. But guessing at odd or even, and it is not a decision.

C. S. G., Mt. Pleasant.—Hoyle, who was once an authority upon sundry games of cards played in England, but who probably never heard of such games as euchre or poker died a great many years ago.

CAPIO SCRIBANDO, Nashua.—1. We do not know. Why not address that paper as to its financial business? 2. Neither way. Cut the sheet in two, and write upon either side but upon not more than one.

ATWELL, Adamsville.—The dealer turns up jack three times. On the fourth turn it may be a jack, or he may hold it in hand along with high and low. The making of game will give him seven times on the deal.

M. M.—The steamships Sirius and Great Western arrived here in 1838 within a few hours of each other. The Great Western, got there before the Great Western, which sailed from Bristol.

C. M. C., Providence.—1. Charles IV ascended the throne of Spain in 17-8. 2. On Tuesday. 3. It depends upon their stature. They must also be low, and at long intervals.

W. H. P., Fairplay.—No; nor could he build to your hand at any other time in that way. The moment he made such a play without having a nine in his hand he and you forfeited the game.

F., Poughkeepsie.—1. The surname of the new Pope, being Italian, is in that language pronounced Petchee—the double *t* like *tch* in "stretch," and the *i* like double *e*. 2. The Stadt Theatre, this city, will seat 3,015 persons.

E. T. L., Kansas City.—We do not require a representative there. If you choose to send brief items, they will be thankfully received and used. Hitherto you have reported only one theatre. We want all the news.

H. J., Philadelphia.—The persons you named have been guilty of the very offenses they now charge others with, but it sometimes makes a difference whose property is appropriated.

DECLINER.—"Rise Those Who Lend a Helping Hand," "When Those Tales of Love Were Told," "Shore Along," "Under the Lilacs," "The Queen's Messenger," "My Beautiful Home," "King John."

W. F. B., Buffalo.—Lawrence F. Barrett has published over his own signature that his name is not what B. says it is.

CLUB, Stonington.—We cannot see the drift of the statement, as we are unable to associate a cord of wood with a square of five-and-a-quarter feet every way.

CANDIDATE, Paterson.—To become a member of the B. P. O. E. it is not necessary that an applicant should be or should have ever been a professional.

M. G.—He made in effect the same speech before the curtain in various theatres, when the other person named happened to be playing in the same city.

M. C., Dallas.—When last heard from, some weeks ago, she was performing in the South. A letter addressed in care of this office should reach her.

MEALCH, Hot Springs.—A great many persons have performed ceiling-walking feats. There are mechanical shoes made for the feat.

JOHN CLARKE, Navan.—Wm. A. Pond, 547 Broadway; J. A. Dixon & Co., 711 Broadway; Spear & Dehnhoff, 717 Broadway.

CONSTANT READER, Cuba.—John C. Heenan was born May 2, 1834. He fought Sayers April 17, 1860, and King Dec. 10, 1863.

C. A. B., Watertown.—Letters addressed in care of this office should reach them. Possibly they expected you to consider silence a polite negative.

HANTRANCK, Detroit.—The reported time is given in our pedestrian department. As there is no certainty that the full distance was walked, the bet is a draw.

A. A. F.—Such a bet is void for want of definiteness. The kind of gait, as well as the time of it, should have been specified. There are pacing, running and trotting.

P. K.—The Franklin Museum, this city, was located on Chatham street, also at two different places in the Bowery, and again in Grand street.

RICKETT, Albany.—1. It was designed to mystify all but the few who can comprehend it at a glance. 2. Shall keep you in mind.

J. H. WORK, Steel Works.—Please repeat the question, as we cannot understand it. Do you mean John Morrissey?

THEO., Cranston.—No. Charley Gallagher beat Tom Allen in 1869, knocking him out of time in the second round.

J. G. A., Baltimore.—There are several kinds, any one of which you can obtain from Ed. James, whose card see. Ladlin's patent sells for $5.00.

J. MC A., Toronto.—James Knowles is the editor of *The Nineteenth Century*, but that publication is a monthly review, and not a newspaper.

J. M. S., Grinnell.—Address Joseph A Walker, Crescent Hall Billiard room, New Orleans, inclosing stamp for reply.

E. B. T.—No answers by mail. State which Confidence, and also whether trotting or pacing time of Pocahontas is desired.

E. S. E., Newark.—In spotting the pocketed ball so that it touched the ball on the deep-red spot or any other ball, B was wrong.

R. MCD., Dubuque.—1. No. 2. Three queens are better than two aces. 3. McMahon was never champion wrestler of the United States.

ALPHONSE, Milwaukee.—To either Lewis June, J. J. Nathans, or George F. Bailey.

JAMES GILLESPIE.—He is for the second-base player of the Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Club of 1877.

D. S. BENJAMIN, Albany.—We last heard of him in St. Louis, Mo. Address a letter to his care.

EDWIN A. ADE.—The proprietor of an eating-saloon can reject the patronage of anybody, white or black.

FRENCH SUBSCRIBER, Naugatuck.—The side who turned up jack at each deal.

CONSTANT READER, Albany.—1. An ace rates as a face-card in some games. 2. A ten-spot is never a face-card.

TWO CLIPPER READERS, springfield.—1 and 2. No recognized championship in America.

TRUMP, Wilmington.—1. April 17, 1860. 2. Neither. 3. They never fought in this country.

J. E. B., Boston.—His post-office address is Orange Island, Bexar County, Texas.

ZANESVILLE.—The count is nine by runs, and six by pairs—or fifteen.

MIKE M., Baltimore.—No answers by mail. She may be addressed care of this office.

RIVERSIDE, Paterson.—He was considered an excellent actor, though not so great as either of the others you name.

S. F. B., Brooklyn.—It might not be the gentleman named, and has never been divorced from him.

L. S., Phila.—Col. T. Allston Brown, traveling with the Boucicault-Connaught combination, publishes a guide.

SUBSCRIBER FROM '53.—The Stadt Theatre, in this city, is larger than any other in this country.

W. M. M., Washington.—No answers by mail. Address a letter to Prof. Worrell, care of this office.

SLOUCH, Baltimore.—B can call out on an ace and a sweep.

BEN Z., Detroit.—State the case plainly, avoiding such mean-itsalee local technicalities as "decks" and "reports."

W. H. C. J., Oil City.—B, by ordering up, can stop a lone hand.

BLACKSTONE, Cressona.—There is no active demand, and none but very choice men are accepted.

BOB, Naugatuck.—B is out on the turned-up jack, if there has been no mislead.

C. B. H., Cincinnati.—5, 7, 9, 7 do not make a run for the player of the last 7.

EKALB, Meriden.—There is a recruiting-office in this city. It is in Hudson street, and has recently been reopened.

BETH BETHEL, Newport.—No. It ceases to be a "dumby" as soon as it is turned up.

G. E. G., Springfield.—His right name is Lawrence P. Barrett, Jr., he says.

CHIRRAGE, Phila.—25, 26, or 27 cannot be held at six-card cribbage.

SONGWRITER, New Orleans.—It is not set to music, to our knowledge. Address the author in our care.

O. M., Chicago.—The persons you name are husband and wife.

JOHN REDLICOE JR., Lanark.—You can satisfy yourself upon that point by making the experiment.

S. AND D., Allegheny City.—Ninety cents for each instruction.

R. S. S.—James Wallack Jr. died May 23, 1873; Edwin Forrest Dec. 12, 1872.

O. C. C., Troy.—1. Five dumb-bells or Indian clubs, and take pedestrian exercise. 2. No champion.

TIM, Savannah, Ga.—1. Yes. 2. We do not give opinions in this department.

JOHN SENKES, Pittsburg.—13ft. 7in. Particulars in CLIPPER ALMANAC.

CHAS. BORKMANN, Alton.—We never heard of him before.

L. G., Boston.—J. Bride & Co., 11 Eighth street, N. Y.

A. C. S.—Hon. John Morrissey was born Feb. 5, 1831.

H. J., Keokuk.—Do not know what his abilities are.

TOURIST.—We think it would cost you nearer $500.

H. H., Chicago.—Same question before pedro.

J. D. F.—Apply to Roe Stephens, Detroit, Mich.

BILL.—Three fours, a three and a two count 17.

R. L., St. Louis.—See this week's "Varieties."

G. J., Baltimore.—Address Foss, 29 Merrimack st.

FULLER, Louisville.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

BLANCH OF DEVAN.—Probably in our next.

J. S., Boston.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

T. W. B., Chicago.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

R. W., Baltimore.—A is out on his high.

C. A. J., Geneva.—Pay the money to B.

ALLEGHENY.—Not to our knowledge.

J. I. M., Albany.—She is in Australia.

CONSTANT READER.—The bet is void.

H.—Get THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

W. F. A.—Yes, it shall appear.

## PASTIMES OF THE COLLEGIANS.

The quiet, monotonous life of Princeton College was relieved last week by the playful pranks of a few of the liveliest of the students. In all colleges there are two classes of scholars, who hold one another in the deepest affection and would go through fire and water to serve each other. One class is composed of soft and the other of fresh students, so you will observe that they are about on a par as regards their classification. In reality, however, the soft ones have gone up a rung or two on the ladder of fame, while the fresh young fellers have not fairly got their feet off the ground. Tired of the solemnity ruling indoors, one of the softs conceived the cheerful idea of catching one of the friendly freshmen and shaving his head within a half inch of his life. This was accomplished in a masterly manner; then the fresh Kickapoo was carried to a friendly pump, and he was doused to his heart's delight. Then he was stood up against a fence, and snowballed till he almost died a-laughing. It was rare sport for all the boys, you better believe. Then they chucked him into a neighboring pond of water, and you never saw such fun as he created when he scrambled out, fairly bursting with merriment. After that the jovial party separated, and sweet slumber soon came to the relief of the mischievous students. Next night they had more fun; this time the fresh chaps were the aggressors, and the gentlemanly soft who had first set the sport a-going was caught in a pensive mood as he sat in the hotel parlor, quietly reading all about the festivities of the previous day. Before he knew it he was in the hands of the friendly Philistines of the fresh faculty; and they gagged him, and they nagged him, and they tied him to the chair; then they shaved all the hair off his head except a spot about the size of the dollar there has been so much talk about. Then they stood off and squirted black ink in his face, showered flour upon him like it were a Summer squall, and sprinkled good sugar-house molasses on the place where the hair ought to grow; then, with a wild shout of gladness, they left him alone in his glory. A mischievous porter of the hotel coming along, and seeing the comical plight of the collegian, loosened the fetters that bound him, and snatched him bald-headed from the chair in which he had been so serenely reposing. Straightway he gathered around him his soft allies, and with laughter and jokes pursued the hilarious freshmen. The caravan advanced on the convulsed friendly cavalcade, and endeavored to bore holes in them by the aid of unhostile guns and other deadly weapons. Suddenly, with a shout of laughter that made the welkin ring, the pathfinders wheeled round upon the hordes of the fun-loving pursuers, and emptied their peaceful pistols among the latter. The sport was at its height, when, all of a sudden, it was discovered that the bald-headed scout of the plains had been shot with a real pistol and a real pistol-ball, which discovery threw a damper on all hands, and compelled a discontinuance of the fun. We are told that the professors were somewhat displeased when they ascertained that a softy had been shot; but, knowing that it had not been done in a wanton spirit, but rather in the pursuit of innocent recreation, which is so necessary to the physical education of the ambitious student, they mildly reproved the erring ones, and suggested that hereafter it would be better to omit the pistol exercise altogether when in their playful moods. Old-fogy papers and old-fogy parents and guardians have condemned the Faculty for permitting these outbreaks of youthful joyousness, but they are wrong; they have doubtless forgotten all about their own college days, and those college sports which are so absolutely necessary to a complete development, mental and physical, of the student. If, in their friendly intercourse with one another, a softy has his hair cut on the dead-head plan, or a fresh young fellow is served with a free bath in the horse-pond, it is done in such a pleasant spirit, with an eye single to the complete enjoyment of the collegians, that there cannot be the slightest cause for complaint or disapproval of the practice. As the historian has so learnedly said: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and so say we all. Let the revels go on as usual.

HERE is a sad case: A negro who stole one thousand pounds of bacon in Tennessee has been sentenced to nineteen years' imprisonment. And he didn't save his bacon at that!

WONDERFUL COINCIDENCE: that Mrs. Stephen Fiske and Mr. Hart Jackson should have written two plays so very much alike as those now being acted at the Fifth-avenue Theatre in this city, and at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. We intended to interview the two dramatists referred to; but, apprehensive that they might interview us instead, we refrained. And yet we should like to get at the bottom facts, and set the matter straight before the public.

NOW that we know what the elder Lord is to get, and what his previous sons are to receive, we should like to know how much the old gentleman let Mrs. Hicks have before he married her. It's none of our business, we admit; but as long as the sons have given us an insight into the private affairs of the family, we think the old gentleman should be compelled to account for every dollar he has expended in the past!

HUNDREDS OF EXPEDITIONS are fitting out in this city with the laudable intention of securing "the first shad of the season." To prevent any dissatisfied feeling on the part of the daring fishermen, we would suggest the shooting on the spot of any man convicted of sinking a Southern shad, and then hauling it up as one of the productions of our own waters! Look to it in time.

WASHINGTON'S birthday was another failure. Ever since Mr. Murphy and his coagitators set that cold-water movement a-going, nearly all our holidays are upset by a superabundance of the watery element. Even the veterans of the War of 1812 were disgusted with the downpour on the glorious 22d, and threaten to have the day changed. And we don't wonder.

A FUNNY THING occurred in Philadelphia the other day. John Toner was his name, and he was called to trial on the charge of passing counterfeit money. He failed to show up, and a bench-warrant was sent after him. The man, when found, excused himself because he was *serving on a jury in another Court!*

AGAIN have we been honored with a summons to wait upon his august majesty Momus, King Carnival, during his pageants of Mardi-Gras at Memphis, Tenn., March 4 and 5. The Ulks and Memphi are entitled to our most loyal obligations. "Long live the King!" *and* Queen.

WE THINK it denotes a want of delicacy to send an officeholder a new piece of music called "His Last Lay," just as the man is preparing for a third term. And yet such an outrage was perpetrated upon a friend of ours one day last week.

IT AFFORDED us great joy to learn that Leo XIII had been elected by ballot, instead of adoration. There is nothing so effectual as the good old ballot, especially after it has undergone C. S.—close scrutiny!

ALECK STEPHENS is alleged to have said in Washington the other day, *not* that he would not die in Spring-time, but that he "wished to die in harness." Single or double, Mr. Stephens?

A NEW EDITION of "The Complete Letter-writer," by Wm. E. Chandler, is out—of print.

DID YOU ever know of an apothecary who had any conscientious scruples?

## NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Feb. 18: Fifty-three Republican members of the Louisiana Legislature asked for Anderson's pardon.....Heavy rainstorm in California. Eight Chinamen and two women drowned in Jackson.....J. Madison Wells, ex-Governor of Louisiana, returning Board doings.....Baltimore's School-commissioners accused of appointing teachers because of their physical and not mental attractions.....Dr. H. C. Moss assassinated at his house in Venice, Ill.....Rochester, N. Y., voted to abolish its Free Academy. Free lunches, however, will be continued.....Strike of all the coal-buyers on the Midland, Ont., Railroad.....The missing Mayor of Chambersburg, N. J., found in Baltimore.....Robert McEvoy sentenced to be hanged at Columbia, S. C.....Mrs. Pitman's ashes weighed four pounds two ounces.....Bill in the New York Assembly to cut down city officials' salaries.....Fire: Lynchburg, Va., attempted to fill a lighted lamp with kerosene. Gone, but not forgotten.....City news: Papers in the Lord settlement filed, and everybody happy; Joseph P. Wall sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for kicking his wife to death; steamship City of Dallas burned in her dock near Fulton Ferry; city officials refused permission to build an armory in Washington square, which the residents of that neighborhood thought hardly square; losses by the fire in Twenty-third street approximated half a million; representatives of the Congress of Beauty and Culture endeavored to get their back pay.....Full crop of ice in the Hudson.....Deadlock in the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen broken.....By cable: The Russians decided not to occupy Constantinople.....Journals at Rome entered the cells of the Vatican; marriages of Princess Charlotte and Princess Elizabeth celebrated in Berlin—great festivities.....Fires: Salmon's chair-factory, this city—loss $16,000; oil warehouses in Mobile, Ala.—loss about $25,000; a cotton warehouse in Savannah, Ga., with 1,000 bales of cotton; filled at $220,000; store and dwelling-house at Crawford, N. J.—loss $3,000.

*** Feb. 19: The Senate talked of postmasters' salaries and the franking privilege. The House discussed Southern politics.....Convention of Trade Boards in Washington.....Serious hazing at Princeton College; sophomore installed in the large man.....The trial of James McDermott, patriot, Fenian, journalist and politician, who was indicted for assault with intent to kill, ended in a Brooklyn court with acquittal.....Boston candy-dealer found guilty of putting poisonous stuff into his sugar wares.....Charles Woods, who escaped from Auburn State prison, recaptured at Oswego, N. Y., to twenty years' imprisonment.....Three men, all drunk, attempted to cross the river at Wheeling, O. Boat upset. Men drowned. Watery death from whiskey..... A $500,000 failure in Montreal.....In a St. Louis, Mo., hotel, John Gullinger killed Maggie Lyda and then ran himself.....James J. Belden re-elected Mayor of Syracuse, N. Y.....Grand Encampment of Oddfellows at Utica, N. Y., elected State officers.....Boiler explosion at Palmyra, Mo. Two men instantly killed and two fatally scalded.....The New Jersey Legislature unseated Cooper and put Salmon in his place.....City news: James L. Graham, generalissimo and respectable, charged with absorbing $50,000 of trust funds; Medical Department of the New York University graduated 154 students; blasting in One Hundred and Twenty-third street sent a 2,000lb rock through the wall of Wm. Young's house; Thomas Malone shot by a thief in a Third-avenue building; Lewis Lewis, Smith's confederate in swindling B. T. Babbitt, convicted of forgery; Policeman Daniel D. Kennedy held for assault upon a prisoner.....Explosion in the Standard Oil Works at Constable Hook, N. J.....By cable: First ballot for a Pope—nobody got votes enough; seventy millions of people starving in Russia; Bismarck's followers in the Reichstag in favor of his son.....Fires: Lee's cotton-mills at Leipersville, Pa.—loss $35,000; clothing-store at New Bedford, Mass.—loss $12,000; Ziegler Brothers' box-factory at West Brookfield, Mass.—loss $6,500; Wentworth Building, Boston, damaged to the extent of $8,000.

*** Feb. 20: By cable: Cardinal Gioacchino Pecci pelected Pope, Leo XIII his title.....The United States Senate voted to restore the franking privilege. The House unseated Darrall of Louisiana, and swore in Acklin, the Democratic candidate.....Rear-admiral Ammen retired from the navy after forty years' active service.....Comptroller Nicoll of this State preferred charges of misfeasance against Insurance-superintendent Smyth.....Indiana Democratic State Convention at Indianapolis. Ex-Gov. Hendricks presided. John G. Shanklin nominated for Secretary of State.....William Homer killed by his son-in-law in Washington.....A Jersey City woman took Paris-green, refused the doctor's perscription and died.....Assassination of Goods in Sacramento Valley, Cal.....Thomas Kinney, an old sailor, cut his throat at New Brighton, S. I.....The conviction of the two negroes sentenced to be hanged for outraging Kate Smith near Middletown, Del., said to have been accomplished by perjury.....Snow-slide at Bingham, Utah, killed two miners.....Residential scandal at rebellious.....City news: James L. Graham pardoned, and Mrs. Hynes won her suit; "Dr." Newton Whitehead arrested for malpractice; Tweed again disappointed in getting his freedom; Walter, Donaldson & Co., coal merchants, failed for $100,000; more of Mrs. Merrill's eccentricities made public; Casper Paulin, a well-known Albany druggist, locked up on a charge of getting goods under false pretenses.....Foreign: Bismarck declared that Germany would not draw the sword unless her interests were imperilled; John Walter of *The London Times* blackballed at the Athenæum Club for anti-Turkish sentiments.....Fires: A number of buildings at Waco, Texas—loss $50,000; hotel and stores at East St. Louis, Ill.—loss $45,000; Atlantic Mills at Olneyville, R. I.—loss $7,000.

*** Feb. 21: The House concurred in the Senate amendments to the Silver Bill.....Gov. Robinson sent to the New York Senate charges against Insurance-superintendent Smyth.....City-clerk of New Britain, Ct., took poison rather than stand a trial as a defaulter.....Collision on the Hudson-river Railroad at Low Point. Four persons injured.....The Senate rejected Williamson for Collector of New Orleans.....President Hayes attended the Methodist fair in Baltimore..... State Prohibition Convention at Columbus, O..... Chicago detective declared that "lightning would strike soon" in the New York Custom-house. Startling frauds hinted at.....Severe gale in Louisiana. Ten barges swamped, with 225,000 bushels of coal, at Willow Grove.....Princeton's Faculty refused to give the names of the students who used firearms to the civil authorities.....City news: Pastor of the Madison-avenue Reformed Church in trouble—took hot rum punches at public parties—entered houses with dashing women—admitted that he drank moderately, tendered resignation, and was exonerated; Arion Masquerade Ball at Gilmore's Garden; Edward Newman sentenced to life imprisonment for murder of Catherine Hayes; Jewett perjury case in court; St. Bartholomew's Church consecrated; Edward Williams' marriage temporarily postponed because William was arrested for stealing silver as he entered the church; Harvard's Alumni dined at Delmonico's; Officer Philip Bleil received his gold medal from Congress for saving six lives; runaway in Waverly place injured three women, who jumped from the coach.....By cable: The Conference to meet in Baden-Baden—decisions can be reached there in red and black; Spain rejoiced over the supposed peace in Cuba.....Fires: Nelson Morris' beef packing house at Chicago, with 1,200 carcasses of beef and other stock—loss about $125,000; Opera-house at Hamilton, Ont.—loss $12,000; schooner Sunlight off the Battery, this city, damaged to the extent of $2,500; flax factory at Greenfield, Ind.—loss $13,000; insane asylum at Winoski, Wis., four inmates perishing in the flames.

*** Feb. 22: Upon this day our George was born: he could not lie, you know; yet now, of all his glory shown, he lies forever low.....Mints ready to coin the silver dollar—and millions ready to spend 'em.....Isabella Beecher Hooker talked to a Senate Committee on woman suffrage.....William E. Chandler issued another pamphlet on the Presidential question.....National Greenback Association at Toledo, O., organized the "National Party.".....Floods in California growing worse. Three islands in the Delta River submerged.....Chief-of-police of Virginia City, Nev., charged with letting a Chinese murderer go and putting a paid substitute in the prisoner's place.....Five death-warrants issued by the Governor of Pennsylvania.....Several schooners driven ashore on the New Jersey coast.....Louis Hill, negro, hanged at Isle of Wight Court-house, Va. His scaffold-speech was: "Take warning from my end, and avoid the association of all women.".....W. W. Callender arrested on a charge of murdering his father at Hunlock's Creek, Pa.....City news: A very wet birthday, yet some patriotic citizens appeared unusually dry; numerous balls, suppers and reunions; Martha Washington Reception at the Academy a brilliant affair; opening of the Biblical Christian and Missionary Museum; William Duke, a guest at the Windsor Hotel, held for an assault committed upon a woman four years ago; the Rev. Mr. Lloyd's resignation accepted with regret.....Boiler explosion near Bigelow, Mo., schoolmaster at East Bedford, Me.—loss $50,000; dwelling and barns at Barre, Vt.—loss $7,000; charcoal-sheds and freight-cars at Quinsigamond, Mass.—loss $3,000.

*** Feb. 23: Heinrich Wahlen, under sentence of death in the Norristown, Pa., jail, committed suicide. Battered in his head and hanged himself.....Man in Port Deposit, Md., cowhided the fellow who insulted his sister. Now, pistols for two.....Anderson of the Louisiana Returning Board was refused a new trial.....Michael Murphy confessed the murder for which he was sentenced to life-imprisonment at Boston.....J. W. Barron, the treasurer of the Dexter, Me., Savings-bank, died from the injuries received while guarding the bank's treasure.....Rande the murderer sentenced to life-imprisonment at Galesburg, Ill. .....Express-train on the Texas Central Railroad robbed of $2,500.....Jeremiah Connolly and George Sherry sentenced to imprisonment for life at Chicago. Sherry died.....Body of Wm. Silvernail found on the Boston and Albany Railroad track near the Massachusetts State line. He is thought to have been murdered.....City news: Heavy fog led to two collisions—in the North River, ferryboat James Fisk Jr. ran into schooner Josie Crowley—one man instantly killed and others thought to have been lost; in the fog, Steamship Castilian ran down and struck by steamer Spain, killing Geo. H. Carey and injuring several persons; wall of unfinished building at Lexington avenue and Ninety-fourth street caved in, burying two workmen; Daniel Leonard accidentally shot and killed his twelve-year-old brother; James McCaffrey killed by falling from a ladder in West Broadway; Madame Restell again in court; failure of Abram A. Ransom & Co., shoe-dealers—liabilities $250,000; Louisa Sievers jumped from a sixth-story window in the Stevens apartment-house.....

By cable: Cardinal McCloskey arrived in Rome; the London papers full of gloomy forecastings.....Fire destroyed the residence of David Oliver near Bridgewater, N. S., in which Oikie perishing in the flames.....Frank M. Terwilliger sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at Syracuse, N. Y.

*** Feb. 24: Arrest of Joseph C. Duncan, defaulting president of the Pioneer Bank, San Francisco.....German bark Philip Suppicich lost, with all hands, in the Delaware.....Albert, a West Point cadet, shot and killed by a fellow-student named Tobin.....Panic in a Westfield, Mass., church, caused by the falling of a door from the gallery.....Row in a negro brothel in Norfolk, Va. One man killed.....James Roseburn insisted that he played the right game of euchre, and Clark declared that he journed to the street to fight it out. Roseburn dangerously stabbed. All in Williamsburg.....Wm. Owens would not have been drowned in Newtown Creek, L. I., had he been at church.....Daniel O'Neill, who had been given a decent burial in Philadelphia, turned up alive and well. Some other man's body had been buried in Daniel's.....At the end of a wrestling match in Dewitt, Mo., Washington's Birthday, the man who had lost killed his adversary with a knife..... City news: Alice Archer, a colored girl, arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police-court for telling naughty tales about the Rev. Alfred A. Loutrel—she said the gentleman had become her father; fireman of the steamship Atrato fell into the North River and was drowned; Annie Zabriskie died from injuries received from a lamp explosion; Oakey Hall lectured in Steinway Hall; collapse of Cafe International—checkered career checkmated; Walter Lewis, watchman of the Public Hotel, cleared out with $500 stolen from the safe.....By cable: Russo-Turkish peace protocol ready to sign; a priest banished from Spain for denouncing the King's policy.....Fires: Landon's Block, Rutland, Vt.—loss about $28,000; Worstwick Engine Company's building, at Guelph, Ont.—loss $40,000; Saenger Hall, at Woodside, N. J.—loss $4,000; clothing store at Brunswick, Me.—loss $6,000.

*** Feb. 25: Anderson of Returning Board fame sentenced at New Orleans to two years in the penitentiary.

## DEATH'S DOINGS.

### Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BAKER, Henry J.—Senior member of the firm of H. J. Baker & Brother, this city. He was engaged, at different times, in many extensive mercantile undertakings, controlling for many years the trade in canton-flannel, shipping the largest saltpetre works in Brooklyn—one of the three factories of the kind in this country. He was rich, and gave liberally to the Methodist denomination and to Wesleyan University—Sing Sing, N. Y., Feb. 17, aged 69.

BARNUM, Ezra S.—An old and highly-respected citizen of Utica, N. Y. He was one of the earliest settlers of that city, a successful business man, and a member of the Masonic Order for sixty-one years. He received marked official distinction, having received the highest honors of the Grand Lodge, Chapter and Commandery of the State of New York, and was for many years an officer in the General Grand Chapter, R. A. U., and Grand Encampment, K. T., of the United States—Utica, N. Y., Feb. 20, aged 86.

BRADLEE, Thomas—For forty years Justice of the Peace in Jamaica, L. I. He was at one time editor of *The Long Island Farmer*—Jamaica, L. I., Feb. 19, aged 89.

BALL, John H.—Known as "The Hermit of Cavan's Point." He lived in a cabin with no other companionship than that of dogs. In many ways he was a remarkable man. He was well educated, and had a passion for reading. Besides this, he was a good painter, shoemaker, carpenter and plasterer. He refused to live in a more civilized fashion, and when on his death-bed answered the inquiry as to whether he desired anything, with the reply: "No, I have lived without them, and I can die without them"—Cavan's Point, N. J., Feb. 18, aged 76.

BARRON, J. W.—Treasurer of the Dexter (Me.) Savings bank. He was murdered while defending the bank-vault against robbers—Dexter, Me., Feb. 22.

CLINTON, Alexander—A venerable physician of this city, a grandson of Gen. James Clinton, and a nephew of De Witt Clinton. Born in Ireland, he came to this country at an early age, and after completing the course at Columbia College he was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and served in the War of 1812, and practiced his profession for many years—this city, Feb. 16, aged 84.

DAUBIGNY, Charles Francois—A French painter and engraver of repute. Between 1840 and 1867 he painted two or three salable pictures almost every year. He won a number of medals and the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He illustrated many books and journals—Paris, Feb. 21, aged 61.

DREOLLE, M. J.—Formerly editor of *The Constitutionnel* and also of *The Journal des Debats* of Paris—that city, recently.

EVANS, George T.—A well-known musician of San Francisco. He had been connected with various musical societies, and at different periods had been the leader of the orchestra in several of the theatres of that city—San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 12, aged 41.

ELLINGER, George—A Brooklyn physician. He retired for the night in apparently good health, but was dead before morning—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 25, aged 75.

ESTES, Walter D.—A young lawyer, and special correspondent of *The Boston Journal*. He died from drinking poisonous well-water—Richford, Vt., Feb. 22.

FRANCIS, James E.—A well-known citizen of Philadelphia. He was at one time chief clerk in the Internal-revenue office, and afterwards in the office of the City-treasurer—Philadelphia, Feb. 22.

FORD, J. Q. Adams—Past-rasistant engineer in the United States Navy. He entered the service in 1866—Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 23.

GAZZAM, Edward D.—Formerly a resident of Pittsburg,

## THE RING.

### GLOVE FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

A match to box with gloves, under the Marquis of Queensberry's rules, for a £20 cup and door money, was decided by Dan McCarthy and Henry Fenning at the East London Gymnasium, Feb. 11, some six hundred spectators being present. McCarthy will be twenty-four years of age on June 13, stands 5ft. 4in., scales 141lb., and the present match is the first in which he has been opposed to Wm. Beyer. The agreement was to show seventeen birds a side, and fight all that fell in for $40 a battle and $100 the odd. Fifteen couples fell in, and Beyer was beaten by a score of 8 to 8.

CHARLEY MURPHY, having observed in print a statement that Matt Grace was waiting for an answer to his (Grace's) challenge, desires us to say that he has not seen any such challenge, but will be happy to have a chance to cover any forfeit Matt may feel disposed to put up in proper hands.

### AMATEUR.

*Continued from page 391.*

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia performed "Jonathan Bradford" and "The Seven Clerks" on Feb. 20....The Mirror Dramatic Association presented "The Spectre Bridegroom" and "His Last Legs" on Feb. 21....The Irving Dramatic Association played "The Willow Copse" Feb. 22....The Boucicault Dramatic Association gave a performance of the farce of "Editorial Troubles" at Horticultural Hall Feb. 22....J. B. Florence was recently elected stage-manager of the Mirror.....The Brougham Dramatic Association has collapsed.....The Shakespeare Dramatic Association gave their inaugural performance Feb. 21. Thomas Turner Lawson, a member of the Washington Variety Troupe, died in Philadelphia Feb. 17, aged 38 years of age.

THE HOME DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Newark, N. J., produced "Marian, or Time and the Hour," Feb. 20.

THE SALISBURY (Mo.) DRAMATIC TROUPE is officered as follows: E. F. Ammerman, manager; J. Robinson, treasurer; R. J. McMullen, scenic artist; C. C. Taylor, stage-manager; Otto Stumlach, leader of orchestra; and G. Moore, scene-shifter. They played in Kaytesville Feb. 21, 22, and are to show in Glasgow March 3.

CINCINNATI ITEMS.—The Davenport Club played in good style "The Honeymoon" at Pike's Opera-house Feb. 21. Portions of "Pizarro" and "Nan the Good-for-nothing" are to be given 28.....The Shakespeare Club played "Victims" 19. Miss Dolly Woolwine, a charming young lady member who is about to adopt the stage for a profession, takes a benefit 26, when the programme will embrace "The Little Treasure," a musical ollo, and "Stage-struck Barber.".....Mrs. W. F. Aldrich of the Davenport Club takes a benefit March 2 at Pike's, the programme consisting of "Ariadne."

.....Feb. 23, in Melodeon Hall, La Petite France de Cincinnati, a leading French society of that city, gave a soiree and entertainment. Two plays were produced, "La Repetition D'Athalie ou L'Epreuve" and "La Grammaire." In the first play all the characters are taken by ladies.

MISS ADDIE FLETCHER as Mathilde in "Led Astray," for Mrs. Rose P. Thompson's benefit at the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre Feb. 18, acquitted herself remarkably well. Sam B. Williamson as Rudolph Chandoce and Mrs. Rose P. Thompson as the Countess deserve credit.

THE INDEPENDENT DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave their fourth entertainment in Paine Hall, Boston, Mass., Feb. 18, presenting "Maud's Peril."..... The McCullough Dramatic Company performed "Damon and Pythias" and "My Uncle Will" at the Germania Theatre 20.....The Turnverein give a performance of "Die Vetter" at the Germania Theatre 26.....Ten Nights in a Barroom" and "The Two Buzzards" will be given at Waverly Hall 28.....The Cuban Beneficial Association, in conjunction with the Aurora Dramatic Association, present "Dora" at the Germania Theatre 26.

THE THALIAN CLUB of Washington, D. C., will perform Robertson's comedy of "Ours" at the Opera-house Feb. 26 for the benefit of their stage-manager, Thad K. Sailer.....The Shakespeare Club will endeavor to perform in the Opera-house March 1, for sweet charity's sake, "She Stoops to Conquer."

## FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

### DRAMATIC.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE at Wigan, Eng., was completely burnt down Feb. 6. The theatre was built entirely of wood, and was opened about two years and a half ago. The auditorium was capable of holding over 2,000 persons. The stage was a very large one, and there were extensive dressing-rooms. The performance concluded shortly after half-past ten, the place was locked up and everybody had left; but about eleven o'clock the flames were seen issuing from the roof of the building, over the stage. When the firemen arrived the place was one mass of flames, and by twelve o'clock the fire had almost burnt itself out. The proprietor and lessee of the theatre was Robert Forster, and the cost of the building was about $10,000, and the loss is partially covered by insurance. Arthur Lyle saved his properties, but the other artists lost their wardrobes.

THE THEATRE at Cardiff, Wales, recently burned, will not be rebuilt.

HERR AND MRS. BANDMANN entered on a six nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Darlington, Eng., Jan. 28, with anything but profitable results. On the evening of Feb. 2 "Richard the Third" was announced, but the "stars" were *non est*, and their places had to be filled by members of the regular company.

PROF. PEPPER, the well-known pantomimist, is under medical treatment for mental affliction. *The Era* learns on good authority that it was a sudden change in the affections of the girl he was about to marry that sufficed to overthrow his reason.

"LADCAP," an adaptation, by Messrs. Reece and Farnie, of "La Chaste Susanne," has been produced at the Royalty, London.

THE VOKES FAMILY close at Drury-lane Theatre, London, March 3, and on March 11 commence a tour of the British provinces.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the thousandth performance of "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville, London, Feb. 19, were to have been given to charity.

"LITTLE DOCTOR FAUST" was performed for the hundredth time at the Gaiety Theatre, London, Feb. 7.

CHARLES WYNDHAM has resigned the direction of plays at the Crystal Palace, and the managers of the London theatres will hereafter supply the dramatic entertainments on the starring system.

"LA FEMME DU CHAMBRE," Paul Ferrier's new three-act comedy, was produced at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, Feb. 9. It was interpreted by Messrs. Landrol, St. Germain and Malard, Mesdames Alice Regnault, Helene Monnier, Lebon and Griesz.

CHARLES A. STEVENSON was announced to play Pierre in "The Two Orphans" at Dublin, Ireland, during his brief stay in that country.

WYBROW ROBERTSON has inaugurated a long series of matinee performances at the Aquarium Theatre, London, day entertainments having lately found great favor in the metropolis.

THE NAMES of two of the characters in "Le Petit Duc" (now being played at the Renaissance, Paris) —Boislandry and Champvallier—have been changed, as a couple of gentlemen in propria personæ, and respectively bearing those names, objected to seeing them on the bills of the Renaissance. Author and manager conceded the request as a matter of good taste, and the two roles are now named Montlandry and Champvallon.

THE famous comedy of Madame de Girardin, "La Joie Fait Peur," was recently revived at the Francais, Paris, with Madame Favart for the first time in the role of Madame Desaubiers. On the very same day the artists of Paris attended the funeral of M. Allan, the husband of the lady who originally played this character.

### MUSICAL.

GEORGE CARNES, proprietor of the Combination Concert Company, died in England Feb. 3.

OLIVER SUMMERS, buffo vocalist, died at Stockton-on-Tees, Eng., Feb. 5.

MISS JENNIE VIARD-LOUIS the pianiston Feb. 5 initiated a series of concerts at St. James Hall, London.

MISS MARIE FECHTER is engaged to appear in English opera at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

THE English adaptation of "La Petit Duc," for the London Philharmonic Theatre, has been entrusted to the hands of Clement Scott.

THERE was war at Vienna, Austria, anent the increase of prices at the Opera-house on the production of Wagner's "Rheingold" Jan. 24.

### VARIETY HALLS.

BABY BINDLEY, G. B. Harcourt and Miss Kate O'Connor, Harman and Elston, Mason and Dixon, and Fred Wilson are still performing in London.

THE BROTHERS BRYANT, who call themselves "The Boston Lads," were at the Gaiety, Manchester, Feb. 9.

MISS ROSE GARIBALDI, announced as the niece of the famous General Garibaldi, is singing in the English provinces.

THE WILSONS, Luke and Tony, have shifted from Alexandra Palace to the Pavilion, London. They are under engagement to M. Ducarre of the "Ambassadeurs' Concert," to appear at the Paris Exhibition.

JACKSON HAINES and Arthur C. Mayo, the "Imperial Canadian Skaters," are at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham, Eng.

REYNOLDS AND ROMER and Miss Blanche Reynolds were recently at the Pavilion, Sheffield, Eng.

### NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE CALIFORNIANS continue to do a paying business at Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

MOORE AND COLLINS, styled "The Boston Boys," are doing song-and-dance at Moore & Burgess' Minstrels, St. James Hall, London.

CHARLES CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS commenced a short season at St. James Hall, Plymouth, Eng., Feb. 4.

THE MOHAWK MINSTRELS are firmly established in London, where they are performing at Agricultural Hall.

MATTHEWS' MINSTRELS have closed their series of performances at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, and the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and are now at Beagler's Cirque, Hull, Eng.

SAM HAGUE'S MINSTRELS, from Liverpool, began a fortnight's stay at Ulster Hall, Belfast, Ireland, Feb. 4.

## AMUSEMENTS.


FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
EVERY NIGHT at 8. MATINEE SATURDAY at 2.
SHAUGHRAUN SUCCESS
of the
NEW ROMANTIC IRISH DRAMA,
CONDEMNED.
The HERALD (Feb. 21) says: "Houses crowded with our best citizens. Beautiful scenery; good acting; delightful play. Companion picture to the Shaughraun."
*** Balcony reserved seats one dollar. *** 49-1t

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49TH STREET AND 8TH AVENUE.
Wm. Rehleen, Proprietor. F. A. McClane Stage-manager.
Open all year round. Write and get a date. 49-1t*

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THE FAMILY RESORT.
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First week of the burlesques on the Union-square success.
A CELEBRATED SWITZER CASE.
With a strong cast. Written expressly for this Company.
Seats secured. Matine e Saturday at 2. 49-1t*

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MONDAY, FEB. 25,
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OLD HOUSE ON THE
BRIDGE OF NOTRE DAME,
with Scenery, Costumes, Properties and everything new,
AND A POWERFUL CAST.
MATINEES
Wednesday and Saturday at 2 P. M. 49 1t*

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M. W. HANLEY.....Manager
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Edward Harrigan's new local song, OUR FRONT STOOP. FERGUSON and MACK in North of Ireland Dialect Specialties. DAVENPORT BROTHERS, the Premier Athletes. KELLY and STAN, the Bards of Tara. First appearance of PETRIE and FISH, surnamed the Kranky Koons. ELOISE ALLEN, the Charming Balladist. GUS HANFORD, the German Comique. J. F. SHERIDAN as Captain Kroutsmyer. JENNIE ENGLE, America's Serio-comic Vocalist. Joe Norton in wonderful feats of Jugging. Continued engagement of Kitty O'Neil in her character dances. Harry Bennett in Irish songs and sayings. Will H. Morton, the refined sensation comique.
Continued success of John Wild. The popular favorites Billy Gray and Johnny Shay. Popular prices—15c., 35c., 50c. and 75c. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. 1t 49-1t*

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OUR PRINCIPAL STARS FOR THE WEEK EMBRACE
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MRS. GEORGE RIGNOLD,
in his world famous rendition
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GREAT SPECTACULAR,
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS DRAMA,
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
an extra MATINEE will be given on WEDNESDAY in addition to the regular Saturday afternoon performances. The final representation will be given on the 9th of March.
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FAMILY-CIRCLE TICKETS.....25 cents
EVENINGS AT 8, MATINEES AT 1.30.
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PARK THEATRE, BROADWAY.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
Engagement of Messrs.
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commencing Monday evening, Feb. 25, when will be produced their new comedy, in 4 acts and 5 scenes, arranged expressly for them by Joseph Bradford, Esq., entitled
FOUR BACHELORS,
which will be handsomely illustrated by Mr. Harley Merry, and interpreted by
Mr. STUART ROBSON, Mr. WM. H. CRANE,
Mr. E. F. THORNE, Mr. FRANK EVANS,
Mr. T. G. RIGGS, Mr. WM. CULLINGTON,
Miss MAUDE GRANGER,
Miss ALECIA ROBSON, Miss JENNIE MURDOCK,
Miss ANNIE WAKEMAN, Mrs. A. F. BAKER,
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE
until further notice. 49-1t

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Sole Lessee and Manager.....WM. HENDERSON
OVERWHELMING SUCCESS of the revival of Grover's famous American comedy
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which will be presented every evening and Saturday Matinee, with
NEW SCENERY, NEW PROPERTIES, AND A POWER FUL CAST.
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Roger Chillingworth.....Mr. GABRIEL HARRISON
First-class stars and combinations only may address
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CHAMPION WING SHOT OF THE WORLD, and
PROF. WM. MILLER,
CHAMPION GENERAL ATHLETE OF THE WORLD.
MAIN STRENGTH AND ACTUAL SKILL.
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In consequence of the change in the management of THE FALL-RIVER OPERA-HOUSE,
parties who have written for dates and are booked as it must be
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is one of the most fascinating little vocal gems recently published. If it does not at once achieve great popularity there can be no room for songs of grace, refinement and musical feeling. Price 35 cts., postpaid, by mail.
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THE ORIGINAL ST. CLAIR.....MR. G. C. HOWARD LITTLE GRACIE WADE.....as.....EVA
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GEORGE WASHINGTON SAUNDERS, THE ONLY JAW-BONE PLAYER (from Petersburg, Virginia, whom the darkies of Petersburg claim as the liveliest "coon" in Old Virginia.
LITTLE SAWYER (aged 7 years), the best colored boy dancer in the world.
The above are all respectable and well-behaved colored people, and not like a number of worthless negroes who are being advertised through the country as genuine Jubilee Singers, when not one of the so-called Jubilee Singers ever traveled a mile from Sullivan or Thompson street, New York. THE SUCCESS OF THIS VERSION OF
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
BY THIS ORGANIZATION, is without a precedent in the annals of theatrical performance, having been performed ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE TIMES at THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK, thirty-two times at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; also to immense audiences at the Boston Theatre and Globe Theatre, Boston, Mass. Thirty five times at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, the largest run of any play ever presented in that city. So great was the desire to witness this version of the play that hundreds of ladies were compelled to remain in the gallery. In Washington, at Ford's Opera-house, the business was almost equal to Mr. Jefferson's great engagement. The theatre was packed at each performance. At the Saturday matinee over fifty carriages, containing Senators, Members of Congress and other distinguished sojourners in the National Metropolis stood in front of the theatre. At least a thousand persons were unable to gain admission. The management merely publishes these facts in order to prove the SUPERIORITY OF HIS ORGANIZATION OVER ALL OTHERS, especially over those FRAUDULENT AND BARN-STORMING PARTIES who are advertising themselves as FROM THE GRAND OPER

## THE INDIAN WIFE'S LAMENT.

The Indian tribes who resided near the Falls of St. Anthony had a tradition of one of their females, who drowned herself in a fit of jealousy. Her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, had, after their fashion, which admitted a plurality of wives, introduced a second female into his wigwam, which so mortified the heroic woman, who had prided herself in being the sole possessor of his affections, that she calmly placed herself and children in a canoe, and floated over the cataract, singing her death-song.

She launched her frail bark in the swift-rolling stream,
And sang her death-song with a maniac scream
That pierced the lone caves of that desolate shore,
And rose o'er the din of the cataract's roar.

The bald eagle sprang from his perch at the sound,
And, poised high in air, circled watchfully round;
The panther crouched in his bush-covered bed,
The timid deer rushed from her thicket and fled.

She saw not the eagle, she marked not the deer,
The echo that scared them was music to her ear;
So wild was her sorrow, so wretched her doom,
She seemed a lone spirit escaped from the tomb.

Her babes clung around her with timorous cry,
Alarmed by the glance of her fierce-rolling eye,
And still o'er those dear ones impassioned she hung,
And madly she kissed them as wildly she sung:

'Oh, children forsaken; wife, mother forlorn!
The heart that should cherish has spurned us in scorn;
Expelled from his bosom and banished his door,
The father, the husband, shall clasp us no more.

How blest were the days of my youth, when in pride
I climbed yonder mountain, or bathed in this tide,
When I chased the young fawn to its woodland retreat,
And snatched a rich plume from the gay paroquet.

But happier far when I roamed through the shade,
Companion of him whom with pride I obeyed;
His quiver I carried, his game I secured,
I shared all his triumphs, his toils I endured.

He was strong as the oak, he was straight as the reed,
No warrior could match him in courage or speed;
So true was his arrow, so sharp was his spear,
The Otto and Pawnee-Loup met him in fear.

'How faithful, how fond, how endearing my love,
These tears and the pangs of a broken heart prove;
Do I dream? No; these pledges too dearly proclaim
How happy I was, and how wretched I am.

"Had he died, I had mourned him with many a tear,
His son should have wielded his bow and his spear,
His daughter in songs should have honored his name,
Every vale, every mountain had rung with his fame.

'Ah, subtle destroyer! he charmed as the snake,
Who basks on the mountain, or lurks in the brake;
His sting like the reptile, the poison is sure,
No herb can relieve me, no sorcery cure.

"False traitor! who won and caressed to destroy,
Oh, could I but hate thee, I still could know joy;
But spurned and degraded, this heart is so frail, [vail,
Love remains where deep hate and revenge should pre-

"One Spirit we worship, one Chief we obey,
One bright sun gives lustre and warmth to our day,
One mate has the eagle, the turtle one love,
I am proud as the eagle and true as the dove.

'Oh, think not to tread in your pride o'er my grave!
I will sleep with my babes buried deep in the wave.
Where you cannot follow unworthy to be
A husband, a father, to them or to me.

"If stung with remorse, thou shalt seek for my tomb,
To mock at my weakness, or mourn o'er my doom,
Thy voice shall be drowned in the cataract's roar,
And my spirit be vexed with false vows no more."

As she sang, the sad strain came prolonged o'er the cliff,
Every cave, and in sympathy, echoed her grief;
So deep each response, as it murmured along,
No mortal e'er heard so terrific a song.

And onward the bark swiftly glides o'er the spray,
No hand gave the motion, or guided the way;
But headlong through breakers it went as the wind,
No paddle nor oar before it, no trace left behind.

A moment it paused on the cataract's brow,
Then sank into fathomless caverns below;
And the bark, and the song, and the singer no more
Were seen on the wild wave, or heard on the shore.

## THE GREEN CURTAIN:

### A STORY OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

### CHAPTER XI.—THE NOTE.

Madame Foinard ran swiftly up the stairs to the private boudoir of her hostess, Mrs. Potworth. It was not likely that a stranger would penetrate those sacred precincts. She shuddered, clinging to a chair, faint and ill. Then, rousing herself, she stepped quickly to the gaslight, and, searching the bouquet with her marble fingers, found a note.

It was from Leslie Thorne. A sure intuition told her so. There was no address—nothing but this bit of scented paper, folded in the shape of a parallelogram, quite spotless. He had written, then, in spite of her commands. A flash of anger rose to her cheeks. How should she act? The note trembled between her finger and thumb, and with dilated eyes she stared down at it, as upon something dangerous and hateful, which yet had a baneful claim upon her attention and might not be put by. Fixed and *funeste* was this inspection. While she debated, the silence was intense. She did not even breath. Her thoughts were chaotic. Should she not burn this perilous epistle? To read it would be to re-establish relations which had already been resolutely severed. And yet there might be something in it which in the light of the future she should be sorry not to have known in time.

Well, to merely read could be nothing. No one would inquire about it, for no one, except this Mr. O'Grady and the writer, knew of its existence. M. Foinard had certainly seen the bouquet, and Rose remembered, with another freezing shudder, his pale glare of rage across Mr. O'Grady's broad shoulder. But that there was a serpent hidden in those pretty flowers he had no idea. So, still tremulous, she plucked the pages of the communication apart, and this is what she read:

"Rose, I will obey you upon one condition—that you answer this. I am willing to leave New York, and will never trouble you or M. Foinard again while he lives; but I must know before I take my departure that nothing that has happened since the night when our acquaintance was renewed has altered the esteem—the respect—my God! dare I say affection?—you then felt for me. Oh! I know you love me, Rose, almost as I love you. I will not stir unless you send me a line of ——but I do not know what to say, or how to describe what I hope for and expect. Your heart will tell you. Farewell, my darling. I am mad to—

"If stung with remorse, thou shalt seek for my tomb,
To mock at my weakness, or mourn o'er my doom,
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glad of that; for someone must write an answer to this one, and the person who *should* do it is afraid, and I, although I have promised, cannot, and altogether there is no resource left but the unfailing kindness of Miss Clara North."

She spoke very carelessly—as if it were all a jest to her—as if the matter were simply nothing at all.

"Afraid? What can you mean?" said Clara spiritedly, for she had no conception of people tampering with other people's letters and obstructing correspondence. "What is there to be afraid of?"

"Wait till you get a jealous husband and you will see," said Rose, laughing. "This foolish lady downstairs, who received the note I hold in my hand, is married; and in that state of things a lover is, perhaps, agreeable in one sense, but very perplexing sometimes. The husband has cruelly interfered, and the lady is ordered to give the gallant his *congé*—not by note, but by simple obliteration. His existence is to be absolutely ignored. This, however, does not suit either the lover or the lady, and they prefer to exchange adieux through the ink-bottle."

Clara was immobile. She did not see a jest in this, perhaps. The husband had her sympathy. Rose watched her blank countenance with inward dismay. The story had not been told aright.

"But I should not jest about it," she said with a sigh. "If you could see the poor thing, you would pity her, Clara—so wretched, so despairing. About to part forever with the lover of her youth, whom fate prevented her from marrying instead of a man she did not really love—think of her misery! Here is the poor fellow's last note—it breathes a world of attachment. I would show it you, only I promised my friend so faithfully to let no one see it. This, however, does not matter, as I can dictate what I think she desires to be said. There's pen and ink—isn't it lucky? —and we have plenty of time. No one will find us here—Mrs. Potworth's own room, you know. And now sit, Clara, and let us see what we can do for the poor woman—and do you see that handsome bouquet on the mantelpiece?"

"When did you get it?" asked Miss North, looking.

"A friend—Mr. O'Grady of the newspapers—gave it me. There is a great deal of it, isn't there? Now, after you have finished the note I want you to go downstairs in the ballroom and study the faces of the people there, and if you distinguish that of the heroine of my story I shall give you the bouquet."

So Miss Clara, no longer unwilling, placed herself at the table, and, drawing the proper utensils before her, prepared to write. She had no sooner turned her back than Rose ignited Leslie Thorne's note at the gas, and watched it burn to ashes. And now she dictated the following reply to that rhapsody:

"Your pleading has been successful. In spite of my resolution, I address you once more; but these words are final. The violation of my purpose I leave you to interpret as you please, and I believe you know something of a woman's heart. Try to forget me; remembrance can never mean anything but misery. Your future may be made as bright as you please, while mine is hopeless; but the unhappiness in store for me would be infinitely greater if I thought you also unhappy. More I dare not say. Farewell."

"To whom shall I address it?" asked Miss North, pausing as she penned the last word.

"There must be no address."

"Then the signature?"

"No signature."

Miss North surrendered the note, which Rose read over to herself quickly.

"I think this is quite sufficient," she said, "and both the lady and her love will be pleased. Now go, Clara, and see if you can pick out from among all those laughing faces below the unhappy woman whose story I have told."

Clara, smiling, left the room, and Madame Foinard was alone again. Her face instantly darkened with anxiety. Here was the note—now to send it upon its journey.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door—sharp, imperious, angry. She recognized it—her husband's! Her heart contracted, and she turned white with terror. The note was still in her hand; what must be done with it? To conceal it about her person would be too hazardous. Her eyes searched the room—the bouquet! In an instant she concealed the note among the flowers and replaced them on the mantel. Then, mastering her voice, she said:

"Come in."

M. Foinard entered. He was very pale; a haggard fatigue overspread his sinister features. He walked over to the fireplace and leaned there.

"Rose, why do you linger here?" he said peevishly. "I have searched for you everywhere."

"I—I don't know. I grew so very tired of that malicious old woman. She tells so many mischievous stories, and is so spiteful. I hate such gossip."

His elbow almost touched the bouquet; but he had not observed it.

"People wonder at your absence," he continued, his restless glance traveling about the room, "and it undoubtedly looks odd, and, I think, a little ill-bred."

"Some of those people, I fear, do not know much about breeding. Why does Mrs. Potworth have such a mob?"

"There are too many, it is true."

He leaned back and his elbow touched the flowers. He saw them with a flash of amazement, as he might have looked at a snake coiled there. Her very breathing stopped. He seized the bouquet.

"Who gave you this thing?" he demanded.

"Oh, you know," she replied, laughing, as if a frightful agony had not that moment tightened about her heart. "That foolish old fellow Mr. O'Grady—you must have seen him. I don't know why he plagues me with his ridiculous flowers. Did you ever see anything so big and ridiculous?"

Foinard smelled the flowers thoughtfully.

"They are pretty; but you know I don't wish you to receive these tributes. He is a fool."

"So he is; but what can one do? I do not like to give pain, and it would have seemed so rude to have refused them."

She had smiling still—but it was the smile of a damned soul.

"I shall throw them out of the window."

"Armand!" she shrieked, seizing his arm as he made a step. He stopped short, astonished.

If he threw them out of the window someone might find them who would bring them into the parlor where the dancers were, and the note might also be discovered, inquiries set on foot, revelations ensue.

"Pray, what is the matter?" demanded Foinard coldly and suspiciously.

"Don't throw them out of the window."

"What difference can it make? Then I shall simply return them to Mr. O'Grady with my compliments, and an intimation that Madame Foinard does not receive bouquets."

It was like heaven opening.

"Yes, Armand, you may do that. It will be much better," she said rapidly. "He will annoy me no more."

She rang the bell herself. A servant appeared.

"Take this bouquet to Mr. O'Grady ——"

"Mr. O'Grady has left the house, sir," interrupted the domestic, with a bow.

"That will do, then," said Foinard abruptly. "You may go."

The man, puzzled, withdrew.

"I shall put an end to further discussion by a summary and natural means," said Foinard savagely.

He wrenched the bouquet in half, and out dropped the note!

### CHAPTER XII.—DANGER.

Rose, with a stifled cry, sank almost swooning into a chair, her hand pressed to her bosom. M. Foinard glared upon the note with the light of hell in his face—stooped and picked it up. His gloating eyes devoured its meaning instantly. At this moment the door opened, and Miss North re-entered with these words on her lips:

"Oh, madame, I think I ——"

She stopped short, seeing the tableau.

"Who wrote this?" thundered Foinard.

Rose was silent. He stood there clutching the unlucky slip of paper, quivering from head to foot, with the visage of a fiend.

"Who wrote this?" he demanded again.

Miss North, as we have said, had a mind that acted like lightning. She comprehended the situation at once. Madame Foinard was the heroine of her own story. She was lost.

Not yet. Rose had been kind to this girl, and she remembered it, and determined to try to save her benefactress.

"I wrote it," she said quietly.

"You!" shrieked Foinard, and burst out laughing—contemptuous derision.

"Certainly—I," said Miss North quietly. "I think you will recollect my handwriting. What business have you with correspondence of mine addressed to another person?"

Stupefied, Foinard again examined the note.

"The handwriting is yours," he said dreamily.

"There can be no doubt of that, sir."

"But be pleased to say for whom the communication is intended," he continued, with a malign smile.

"For Mandolini the acrobat," returned Miss North bluntly. "You have no right to know, however."

"Are you sure?" he sneered with a fiend's smile in the direction of his wife.

"I repeat it, monsieur."

Foinard laughed softly. His violence existed no more; something more dangerous had replaced it.

"You love this acrobat, then, Miss North, and freely proclaim the fact?"

"There is nothing to be ashamed of."

He reflected a moment, still smiling.

"I have a proposition to make. You will go with my dear wife and myself to the theatre to-morrow night where this acrobat performs. When he has finished his act I will furnish you with a whole basket of flowers to present him, instead of this destroyed bouquet; but you must present it publicly. We will occupy the stage-box for that express purpose. Do that, and I shall believe you intended this note for him."

"I accept the proposition, monsieur."

"To-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night."

### CHAPTER XIII.—THE ACROBAT.

The establishment where Mandolini, assisted by Mlle. Zephyrini, performed, was called, as the reader may remember, "The Mansion of Momus." It was attended by many people of excellent social position, both ladies and gentlemen; but they were mostly foreigners. The manager was a clever Italian, fat as Count Fosco, but in other respects very unlike that personage. His name was Bianchi, and he had once upon a time in England and elsewhere speculated in the opera and lost. Coming to America, his experience had altered his taste, and he experimented with a more popular class of public amusement, and made money.

This evening there is a great crowd—greater than usual. Every part of the handsome building is filled with all sorts of people. Down below you see gentlemen in white vests and dress-coats attending beautiful ladies admirably costumed; while upstairs you see other gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves, with their boots displayed over the railing for the inspection of the assembly.

Waiters in white aprons fly hither and thither, with salvers of pleasant drinks; in the air are a hum and buzz, and the tinkle of money. All is animation and good humor. Bianchi, lounging near the door, with his back to the wall, surveys his guests with a fat and radiant smile. He is a happy man. He has counted the house, and knows what is in it to a penny.

On the stage the performance proceeds. A stout and florid lady, strangely costumed, is singing in a shriek, about a bar in advance of the orchestral accompaniment, a ballad called "Do as You'd be Done By." I am afraid she does not sing it with much taste or expression; certainly it does not please the audience; for when she retires they hiss; but a gong is struck, and she instantly reappears, and sings another song, much worse. This effort is also condemned—the unfortunate vocalist is hooted as she goes off—but, for the second time, the gong rings, and, in the midst of an uproar of disapprobation, she re-enters, smiling and bowing, and attempts to sing again. A disturbance follows in the gallery—someone is turned out—the house quiets and despairingly hears her out. It seems to be the rule at Bianchi's establishment, as at some others we have heard of, that a person engaged to perform must perform whether the audience approve or not.

Other acts follow—darkies, Dutchmen and Irishmen succeed each other, singing and dancing; but there is a fatiguing sameness about their performances. A farce is played and applauded, all the humor of which consists in a stuffed club and a small sack of flour which is distributed over the actors; but this witty composition excites tumultuous laughter.

In the stage-box on the left sit a party of three—M. Foinard and his wife and Miss Clara North. M. Foinard has been chatting agreeably—has apparently been pleased with everything. All the performers he has commended, even the unfortunate artist who sang the ballad, and a stranger would suppose him the happiest soul in the place.

Madame Foinard has not spoken a word since she entered the theatre, but sits like a statue, staring listlessly at the figures on the stage, seeing nothing there. An apology has been made to the audience at the Vaudeville for her absence, on the score of illness—and ill she is—sick in mind and body. Her head aches and her hands are hot with fever; but here she sits at the command of her tyrant, awaiting the development of his purpose.

Miss North is nonchalant. True to her word, she will present the basket of flowers to the acrobat publicly, and so save Madame Foinard, who has been kind to her. This lie is not much, and does not the end justify the means? Monsieur Foinard must be sharp to catch so clever a lady as Miss North in falsehood. His crucial test is *too* ridiculous. We shall see.

And now the supreme moment of the evening is reached, and the next feature of the programme is the "astounding act by the marvelous gymnastic artists, whose fame fills two hemispheres, the Signor Mandolini and Mlle. Zephyrini, entitled 'The Courier of the Air.'"

A hush of expectation settles over the vast audience. The music changes to a weird solemnity, men in uniform appear and erect a kind of scaffolding in the auditorium and let down a swing from the ceiling—all of which the audience watch with eager interest.

And now, all preparations completed, the gong strikes, and two figures emerge quickly from the wings. One is Mandolini, the other Zephyrini. The acrobat is tall, slender and handsome. His face is pallid, and his eyes have a starry splendor, and a Frenchman in the orchestra, who is something of a poet, remarks to his neighbor:

"He reminds me of a planet—of that glittering and distant sun, Sirius. He dazzles me."

Zephyrini has been a beautiful woman, and something of her beauty lingers yet; but her face has a haggard and dissipated look, and her large eyes are curiously dilated. Those who pretend to know something of her private life assert that she uses narcotics. While these two pass quickly along the bridge running through the auditorium, the spectators below whisper among themselves. Those who have previously witnessed the performance are describing it to their less fortunate neighbors. And now, while Mandolini mounts a ladder to the gallery, his companion steadies the swing.

M. Foinard has from the moment of the appearance of these people fastened his gaze upon them. He now turns to Miss North, at the same time watching his wife askance with a ferocious smile.

"We are about to witness," he says, in cold, measured tones, "perhaps the most daring performance ever given in a theatre. This young acrobat, Mandolini, will, by means of that rope hanging so ominously over his head, give himself a momentum sufficient to reach that swing which his female companion holds. It is her duty to keep that swing in motion. With mathematical certainty it must advance at the proper instant to meet him, describing an erect curve, and the least jar to the right or the left will be his destruction. Should he not grasp it he will be hurled headlong to the stage and into eternity. But if all goes well he will seize the swing as usual, and so be carried the remainder of his distance safely."

Zephyrini began to adjust the swing. Mandolini, with his hand on the rope, watched her in silence.

"That woman, therefore, who is nothing to him, holds his life in her hands. He trusts her implicitly—indeed, as a husband would trust an adoring wife—and that, you know, expresses everything," added Foinard, still wearing that frightful smile.

Miss North moved in her seat uncomfortably, and began to fan herself. Rose sat motionless.

The swing began a gentle oscillation. Mandolini clutched his rope tighter and steadied himself.

"This Mandolini loves you, I believe, Miss North," pursued Foinard, "and you return something of the attachment. What would you say if I were to tell you that to-day I bribed that woman Zephyrini to cut the rope of the swing so that it now hangs by little more than a thread, which the tremendous velocity of the acrobat must break at the instant he touches it?"

Miss North started, turning pale. Foinard scrutinized his wife's ghastly face, his own still wearing the same atrocious smile; but she sat still as death.

"I swear it is true," he proceeded. "That swing will not support the weight of a pound—Mandolini must weigh a hundred and thirty. The minutes are passing, and he is on the brink of eternity, but may still be saved. Miss North, look here"—Foinard drew from his bosom a jewel-box. Opening it were revealed priceless diamonds—necklace, earrings, coronet. They glistened in the gaslight like the pale eyes of serpents. "Here are stones worth fifty thousand dollars—the set is the finest in New York, in this country. The fortunate woman who possesses them need never fear a rival—she will be the Queen of Diamonds. Miss North, sit still for seven minutes longer—do not stir or cry out, and I swear to Almighty God these diamonds are yours!"

Foinard spoke with hoarse and suppressed intensity. Miss North stared at the brilliants with dilated eyes, thrilled and fascinated. The swing was now fully in motion. Mandolini, bracing himself and clutching his rope with both hands, prepared to hurl himself into space.

"Madame Foinard," said the demon who had arranged this frightful drama, "if you confess to me that that letter I found last night was dictated by you, and intended for your lover, you can yet save that acrobat's life. An innocent man pleads—one word will rescue him from a doom he has not deserved."

M. Foinard displayed a cocked revolver.

"Speak that word, and I, who am a dead shot, will kill the wretched woman who has tampered with the swing. There is absolutely no other way to obstruct the catastrophe, and there are but two minutes left!"

He waited, with the pistol on his knee.

"Are you ready?" called out Mandolini.

"O M. Foinard!" gasped Miss North, nearly fainting; "why do you wish to destroy so cruelly that poor acrobat, who has never injured you or anyone? His name is not Mandolini, and he does not come from Italy. He is the son of a poor but honest Frenchman who lives a at place called Slowton, and his name is Achille Randoce!"

"I am ready!" said Zephyrini.

Haggard, white, glaring with terror, Foinard, with a shriek, staggered to his feet, and, aiming the pistol at the woman, fired. Throwing up her arms, she fell from the scaffolding among the audience, and Mandolini did not leap.

A tumult ensued. TO BE CONTINUED.

## OBSOLETE MODES OF PUNISHMENT.

OUR engraving represents a few of the instruments of punishment by which criminals of a vulgar character were formerly sought to be reformed in England. The first of these is the felon's brand, the mark of which rendered a man infamous for life. One of the two figures represents the instrument itself; the other, the mark branded in, which latter has been engraved the exact size. The device, which is deeply cut into the metal, is a gallows such as was used before the invention of the drop and the wheel for execution and torture.

The stocks and whipping-post, although long ago removed from London Bridge, may be met with in retired country-places. In some instances the stocks and whipping-posts were richly carved and clamped with iron-work of an ornamental character. The stocks have been used within the last thirty years, once at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and once at Gateshead, the adjoining town. The culprit in the one instance was an elector, who, in the excess of zeal and beer, during an old-fashioned contested election, rushed into one of the churches during the Sunday's service, and shouted out: "Bell" (one of the candidates) "forever!" He was speedily taken hold of, and placed for several hours in the stocks in the churchyard; and as the stimulating effect of the strong drink passed away he looked a deplorable object, decked as he was with numerous cockades, the "favors" of the candidate whose cause he so indiscreetly supported.

The punishment of the barrel we should think to have been adapted for drunkards who could preserve a perpendicular position.

In the histories of London it is mentioned that bakers and other dealers caught giving false weight, or in other ways cheating the poor, were exhibited occasionally in this manner; but more frequently they were placed in the parish dung-cart, and slowly drawn through the streets of the district.

The whirligig—a circular cage which could be moved swiftly round on a pivot—was in bygone days in use for offenders in the English army.

## "YE SOCIAL GAME, POKAIRE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
AND RESPECTFULLY REFERRED TO YE RESPECTIVE REPRESENTATIVES OF YE PRESS, WHO RECREATE AT YE RENDEZVOUS WRITTEN IN YE RHYME,

BY WILL E. McNULTY.

In ye Police Headquartaire,
Up ye long and dusty staire
Where ne'er comes ye Inspectaire,
Nightly meet ye reportaire
In ye social game, Pokaire.

Climb ye up ye musty staire,
Softly, slyly, unawaire,
To ye scribblers' den up thaire;
Hear ye lucky one declaire:
"That's ye hand, of jacks two paire!"
See ye rise from his chaire,
Steal apart to rend his haire,
And mutter low ye fervent praire:
"Oh, cuss ye fatal game, Pokaire!"

## MONS. CARNAC'S GYMMASIUM.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

### CHAPTER I.—TWO PUPILS.

The gymnasium of Monsieur Carnac, situated in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, was the most fashionable in Paris during the palmy days of the Third Napoleon, after Austria had been humiliated at Magenta and Solferino, and when there was a rage for warlike exercises. The gymnase was an immense salon, almost as large as a modern riding-school. The roof was beautifully frescoed, and, besides all the usual insignia of peaceful gymnastics, there were elegant cases containing swords and foils, pistols and rifles, most exquisite manufacture, and lances such as are used in hunting the wild boar. There was not a window visible in the interior of the building. The walls looked as solid as if they had been cast in a mould. Hence the lessons were conducted entirely by the soft yellow light thrown from scores of argand burners.

There are several pupils engaged at present, for it is twelve o'clock on a Monday. At one end of the building paces the professor to and fro; now glancing with wary eye at the movements of the various young athletes; now encouraging or chiding with a gesture; and anon twirling a pair of gigantic dumb-bells around his head with an ease and dexterity that display all the power and skill of the practiced professional. During this performance most of the young gentlemen pause with one accord, and gaze, and wonder, and admire.

As may be inferred, Monsieur Carnac is a very strong man. But he is more: he is an exemplification of the perfection of muscular development combined with a rare share of manly beauty. Of lofty stature, rendered more commanding by the peculiar setting-on of the head, all his gestures have the pliant grace which results from muscular strength, and his light, elastic, smooth step is noiseless as a tiger traversing the floor of its cage. His arms, like his shoulders, are massive. His arms and shoulders might have graced a statue of Hercules. He has a blonde complexion, and his features and yellow short curls might have belonged to Hermes.

But if Tuesday or Thursday had been selected for the visit, the visitor, had he been of the coarser sex, would have obtained no admission. These were exclusively ladies' days, and when the female pupils were engaged at their drill it had somehow grown to be an article of popular conviction that untold wealth could not have tempted Monsieur Carnac to permit a masculine eye, save his own, even at the keyhole of the single door of the building, so chivalrously conservative was he of the revelations of form and muscular development thus advantageously exhibited.

What Parisian gallant, for instance, would not have emptied his pocketbook into the crimson-satin cap of Monsieur Carnac for permission to surreptitiously behold in her distracting *deshabille* the charming pupil with which the gymnast is at present engaged? What Machiavelli grate with a single eye to fiduciary success. Madame De Varambon threatened to defeat all her projects.

Who was Madame de Varambon?

The *commissionaire* had ascertained that she was the lawful wife of M. Alfonse De Varambon, an eccentric old artistocrat, who never left his chateau on the banks of the Loire. He had married his wife half a dozen years ago, off the stage of a variety theatre in Marseilles, where she was exhibiting her prowess with the sword—severing a dressed sheep at one blow, and cutting an apple clean through upon her sister's forehead without so much as marking the skin. Her eccentric old husband imported her but one restraint—he limited her expenditure. In other respects she might go and do as she pleased. She was a dangerous acquaintance for M. Carnac, and the danger would not be averted when she ceased to be a pupil of the gymnase.

Reasoning in this way, the *commissionaire* foresaw the death of old De Varambon and an elopement with her husband, until Mlle. Zephyrini proved a perpendicular position.

In the histories of London it is mentioned that bakers and other dealers caught giving false weight, or in other ways cheating the poor, were exhibited occasionally in this manner; but more frequently they were placed in the parish dung-cart, and slowly drawn through the streets of the district.

The whirligig—a circular cage which could be moved swiftly round on a pivot—was in bygone days in use for offenders in the English army.

## "YE SOCIAL GAME, POKAIRE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
AND RESPECTFULLY REFERRED TO YE RESPECTIVE REPRESENTATIVES OF YE PRESS, WHO RECREATE AT YE RENDEZVOUS WRITTEN IN YE RHYME,

BY WILL E. McNULTY.

In ye Police Headquartaire,
Up ye long and dusty staire
Where ne'er comes ye Inspectaire,
Nightly meet ye reportaire
In ye social game, Pokaire.

Climb ye up ye musty staire,
Softly, slyly, unawaire,
To ye scribblers' den up thaire;
Hear ye lucky one declaire:
"That's ye hand, of jacks two paire!"
See ye rise from his chaire,
Steal apart to rend his haire,
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Reasoning in this way, the *commissionaire* foresaw the death of old De Varambon and an elopement with her husband, until Mlle. Zephyrini proved to pit the rivals against each other. It was no difficult task. An opiate administered to the Professor kept him in bed till long after high noon. When Mlle. Hortense arrived, the *commissionaire*, with a sweet smile, bade her walk in, assuring her the Professor would "be in shortly." When madame arrived in her carriage, the same invitation was extended, together with an innuendo. When the latter emerged from the dressing-room she beheld the actress hacking and stabbing at a wooden figure hewed out of all similitude to an enemy. Approaching with a look of rancorous contempt, madame said:

"Leave the place, creature!"

The actress started as if she had been struck.

"Shameless woman! I feel tempted to bury this steel in your black heart," she cried, and stood, like a wild animal, prepared to spring.

With a flourish of the broadsword and a "Come on, *mercenaire!*" the other pranced around like an enraged pythoness.

With red spots of rage burning on their cheeks, the two antagonists glared at each other, and the feints of the combat commenced. The more agile frame of the actress seemed to have every muscle braced to dash in like lightning when the first swoop of the heavier weapon should have descended. The other stood like an infuriated goddess, with her blade ready for the parry, and with scornful gibe taunted her foe either to "Come on, or stand still!" But when a most opprobrious epithet stung the younger lady to the quick, there was a sudden rush, a shriek, the flash of the heavy falchion, and again the two combatants eyed each other at a distance with panting bosoms, heightened color and angry eyes. So far they were uninjured. The larger frame and heavier weapon of the one were evidently balanced by the agility and exquisite skill of the other.

"Fool that I was not to have poisoned the point of that rapier!" cried the *commissionaire*, peering from the eyrie, where her husband lay in a disturbed slumber, evidently about to waken.

There was another clash of combat and shrill curses. Carnac jumped from his couch to behold his wife at the loophole.

"Stand aside! What is the matter?" he cried.

Madame stood aside, slipped out of the room, and locked the massive door.

The women below were alternately chasing each other, both were bleeding in several places.

"Mon Dieu!" roared M. Carnac, "stop that madness! Mlle. Hortense, put up your weapon instantly, and leave the gymnasium."

"Ha, jade, *mercenaire*, do you hear!" said De Verambon, grounding her weapon, and scornfully pointing with her finger.

Gnashing her teeth with fury, the actress sprang upon her foe, and before the other could defend herself or step aside the eager weapon had pierced her body through and through.

"This is your infernal work," said Monsieur Carnac when his wife in female attire unlocked the door.

"It is my work; now do your share of it. Bring the prefect of police."

Madame De Varambon died from her wound. The actress was tried and acquitted. No imputation of blame rested upon Monsieur Carnac or his wife. But she never afterwards wore male attire, nor was it necessary in a financial point of view. With the notoriety it attained by this sword-combat the gymnasium was more popular than ever. The Carnacs now live in wealthy retirement.

AN AMERICAN ALMANAC.—This valuable work, prepared by Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, deserves a wide circulation. It is what the title-page affirms—a treasury of facts. Enough useful information, statistical, financial an' political, is condensed into a single volume to furnish material for a library. As a book of reference it is of permanent value; while the author has demonstrated that even dry statistics may be put into interesting shape. The book is handsomely printed and is published by the American News Company.

"AT what age were you married?" asked one lady of another. "At the parsonage," was the quiet reply.

## DEPARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO MISS BLANCH WOODWORTH,

BY FRANK B. WOODHOUSE.

On the bank of the river in the early morn
A young, fair thing with a tenuous form
Stood watching the ripples with absent mien,
As they danced along o'er the turbid stream.
I deemed that her thoughts to her friends had flown,
For she heeded not the wind's low moan,
Nor the sway of the oaks as it passed them by,
In that wild, weird spot, where the elders sigh.
Then she suddenly woke to a sense of fear,
And cast a glance in the dark, deep mere,
For the bay of a hound on the morning air
Came to her ear like the wail of despair.
She stood for a moment, then gave a spring,
And the tenuous form of that haunted thing
Had sunk from the vision of mortal eye,
In the dark, deep stream where the elders sigh.
Toll the bells softly, if toll them you will,
For she is not dead, but is living still;
As all will admit when they only think
That water harms not a "fair young" mink.

## THE RED INN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Towards the close of a cold, bleak day in the early Winter of 1873 I found myself waiting anxiously and impatiently in a lonely and picturesque spot on the banks of the Ottawa River, about twelve miles from the little town of St. Eustache, whence I had ridden that afternoon, and thirty or more from Montreal.

I belonged to a private-detective agency, and was here in this lonely place by

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lister the wizard who came here twenty-nine years
ago, and after whose death a crop of Mc-
Allisters sprang up in legerdemain. If this
was J. M. Weston in his neophytic days, he
remained at the Olympic but a few nights, and
then vanished from his name in Merryfield soon superseded him as Lawyer Weaver,
and we do not again find his name until the night
of the benefit of the lamented Henry J. Finn,
whose life was prolonged to a lingering death re-
ceived it with loud laughter and much applause.
The part of the widow was played by a debutante,
a Mlle. Kekler, who made an agreeable im-
pression."

## "THE THIEF-MAKER,"

a new drama by Edward Towers, was first acted at the East London Theatre, London, Feb. 2. In the prologue the first scene is the garden of Sir Vane Varley, one of those wicked baronets only met with in melodramas. Sir Vane Varley has a sister who has an infant, and this child is the pivot of the plot. The great anxiety of the Baronet's sister about this infant is the cause of a perfect hurricane of startling (almost pantomimic) incidents in the prologue. Mary Flint, whose position in the Vane Varley household is not very clear, takes charge of the child, and while the Baronet is giving his sister "one in the eye," Mary Flint has an eye to the baby; and when this second Herod wants to massacre another innocent, and rushes into the house in search of the baby, Mary Flint, with the child in her arms, runs behind the door and makes her escape; the wonderful detective, who is always the right man in the right place, also appearing on the scene. We are next introduced to a low lodging-house in Kent street, Borough, where Mary Flint comes with the child. One Dolly Flint, her supposed father, is the "Thief-maker," and a delightful specimen of humanity he is. There also we meet with another prominent personage, Joe Cracket, or Bulldog Joe, who was once a lover of Mary Flint. Joe has determined on how may be made out of the baby, and is anxious to get hold of it. Then comes a marvelous trap-door scene, causing wonderful excitement. Somebody is appearing or disappearing through these trap-doors every second. The effect almost rivals Mr. George Conquest's "Phantom Fight," "the combatants" each other so incessantly. The baby is the shuttlecock of the entire business, but considerable excitement is also caused by a remarkable individual bearing the astonishing name of Blue-tail Fly, who, when Conway locks Mary in the den, and retires comfortably on his trap-door, picks the old man's pocket of the key, and carries off the precious infant. Presently up comes Bulldog Joe through his particular trap, and descends through another trap to seize the baby; a roar of laughter is heard from the audience when the villain, opening the shawl and expecting to find the child, sees a dog instead! For the benevolent Samaritan with the extraordinary name, Blue-tail-fly, has made off with the child, and Bulldog Joe becomes furious. There is now a prospect of some bloody business, and the audience breathlessly await what will happen next; when, in the nick of time, the right man in the right place again appears, and a strong force of police at his back. All the principals are arrested, and the twenty years of Bulldog Joe's imprisonment supplies the lapse of time between the first and second acts. Then follows a world of mystery and entanglement, in which the rightful heir is induced to fall into the depths of poverty and misfortune; but his moral principles remain unshaken by his trials, and, after perplexities enough for three ordinary lives, he eventually gains his rights, and all ends happily.

## "THE LITTLE VIXEN,"

a comedietta by George Neville, was first acted at the Olympic Theatre, London, Feb. 2. A maiden lady of a benevolent disposition has adopted two girls in their infancy, and they grow up very charming young ladies indeed. As for the latter, thought of "the little vixen," both of them appear so amiable that at first we get no idea of their having anything vixenish about them until their guardian's brother, a burly sea-captain, comes home from China, and, having a notion that at fifty it is time for a man to settle down and take a wife, he bethinks him that one of the young ladies will make him a delightful companion for life. He is not at all particular which. If Julia rejects him, he will take Kate; but one of them he has determined on. Soon we find there are two little vixens, for the girls have met at Brighton with Messrs. John and Adolphus Dearman, the nephews of the old Captain, and these young gentlemen are already accepted lovers of the girls. Both the girls try to disgust the Captain by their vixenish manners; but the more they tease him the better he is pleased. "A girl with a spirit" is just the sort of wife for the old salt, and things are getting rather complicated when the discovery is made that one of the girls is the Captain's own niece, the fact being verified by the ancient dramatic expedient, immortalized in "Box and Cox," of "a strawberry mark on her arm." The Captain contentedly resigns the young ladies to their lovers, and all is well.

## AT IT AGAIN.

Teams of ten men made up of policemen in the Fifth Precinct, this city, and under command of Sergeant Thompson and Roundsman Leary, again tried conclusions in a "tug-of-war" at the foot of Hart street on Tuesday morning, Feb. 19. With three exceptions the sides were the same as in the brief struggle of the preceding week; G. Randall taking the place of Norton on Leary's team, while C. M. Randall and Jos. Coughlin were respectively substituted for Hawley and Nugent on the opposite side. The contest was most stubborn, the little sellows (comparatively speaking), now that they were working on dirt instead of on boards, holding their bigger, more powerful opponents well and staving off defeat in the first pull for fully twenty minutes, when Thompson's men scored a win. After resting and changing ends, the order to "heave" was again given, and the contestants were in for another tough struggle, lasting twenty three minutes, when Leary's side won, having drawn their adversaries inch by inch. Each side had now secured one heat, and the next was to decide the question of superiority, but the sergeant's squad concluded to "let well enough alone," and therefore declined to take hold a third time. All the men engaged on both sides had quite enough pulling for one day, and we don't think Leary's team were sorry that the tug ended as it did.

THE Indian Brahmins neither eat nor kill any sort of animals, and it is certain they have not done so for more than two thousand years.

# CLIPPER VARIETIES.

**Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.**

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

## OUR WAX WORKS:

**Introducing Four of the Most Famous Characters in the Collection.**

The true value of any work of art lies in its fidelity to nature. Reasoning upon this general proposition, we boldly assert that the wax-works presented above lay over anything of the kind ever exhibited. We shall call your attention to each of the four figures separately. The one to the extreme left is a perfect reproducion of the inventor of baby-shows. It will be observed that he is got up regardless of expense—and it may be added that one of his characteristics is to take no thought of expenses, which he has a habit of leaving unsettled. He is a connoisseur in the matter of babies. You see him now in precisely the attitude he assumed when passing critical judgment upon those frail but inevitable products. Monstrosities are his special delight. A baby with six toes, or two heads, or no arms, is a thing to him of infinite delight; while for twins and triplets he has a twofold or threefold affection, as the case may require. Next to the baby-show inventor stands the original of the pickers-up of pocket-books. The phrenologic developments of this gentleman's head are particularly interesting, even in wax. Firmness is found to be large, and there is no questioning the correctness of this bump. Secretiveness is also well defined, indicating that, after his ill-luck has secured him a pocket-book, he is able to secrete it to the best advantage. The original of the figure is a man of so much importance that his photograph is kept in one of the public galleries of this city—R. Ogue's Gallery—and he has repeatedly been elected to the bench at Sing Sing, as well as practicing at the bars of the Fourth Ward. He has paid much attention to physical culture, and it may be remarked that this is the first time he was ever "waxed." The next figure, the most commanding in the group, is a striking likeness of a famous heavy tragedian. Nature has done a great deal for this gentleman in the way of furnishing him with the requisite heaviness for his business. The attitude of the figure is wonderfully natural. Probably none of the spectators have ever noticed one peculiarity in this figure, which, in confidence, we propose to point out. His left leg, if closely observed, will be found smaller than the right, and somewhat out of proportion to the body. In shipping the figure from Europe it was unfortunately broken. When the accident was discovered, the artist supplied the missing member by putting on an odd leg, which originally belonged to one of the Presidents—that is, one of the Presidents in wax. We might modestly add that this was our legacy to genius. The last figure in the lot is eminently fitted to shine in wax, or some other material equally as soft. He is the pious young man who carries tracts and things in his pocket, who attends prayer-meetings regularly, and who addresses everybody as "Brother"—except an occasional "Sister." For a considerable time this lamb-like youth got along prosperously with no other capital than that of his piety. But one day, as he was returning from a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Killing Mosquitoes Without Justifiable Cause, a policeman laid his ruthless hand upon the young man's shoulder, accompanied him to his room, and there found the apparatus for renovating silver spoons into trade-dollars. He distributes tracts in Sing Sing now, and he does not believe in the Silver Bill.

## "SING, OH, SING TO ME, MY DARLING."

BY SCOTT SCOULER.

Darling, years of Summer weather
Now have, smiling, passed away;
Happy years we've spent together
O'er life's rough and thorny way.
Do the birds now sing as sweetly?
And the sun as brightly shine?
Do the years now fly as fleetly—
Fleetly down the slope of time?
*Chorus.*—Sing, oh, sing to me, my darling,
Of the days now passed away,
When life's path was rosy, darling,
Not a thorn o'er all the way.

Visions fair I see advancing
Through the misty mist of years,
Voices low I hear, entrancing—
Tell me, darling, why those tears?
Do you see the willows drooping,
And the flowers so pale and fair?
Do you see the figure stooping,
Twining roses in her hair?
*Chorus.*—Sing, oh, sing to me, my darling,
Of the happy days gone by,
When your cheeks were rosy, darling—
Added lustre in your eye.

Clouds reveal now, in their parting,
Visions of another land;
Where I see you fondly departing
We shall enter hand in hand;
While our thoughts are sadly rinsing
Memories of the world's "good bye,"
We shall list to angels singing—
Singing of the days gone by.

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

*Chorus.*—Sing, oh, sing to me my darling,
Of that better, fairer land—
Sing as will the angels, darling,
As we enter hand in hand.

## "DADDY" RICE IN BOSTON, MASS., IN 1845.

The National Theatre was destroyed by fire March 24, 1863, and its site is now occupied by business houses. At the time whereof we write it was managed by William Pelby, who died in Boston, May 28, 1850; Robert Hamilton in 1849 returned to Edinburgh, Scotland, his native place; John Gilbert is acting in this city; Mrs. Gilbert died here April 27, 1866; Louis J. Mestayer is acting in Boston, Mass.; W. H. Curtis died there Dec. 4, 1869; Miss Louisa Gann, afterwards Mrs. Wulf Fries, also died there Jan. 28, 1853; Miss Jane Parker and Miss Mary Partington are still before the public; T. D. Rice, more familiarly known as "Daddy" or "Jim Crow" Rice, died in this city Sept. 19, 1860; John S. Carlitton passed away in Philadelphia Dec. 12, 1875. We are of the opinion that John Taylor, now captain of the supernumeries in the Boston Theatre, acted Brabantio. E. F. Keach died in Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 1, 1864; S. D. Johnson made his exit from life's stage in Philadelphia June 24, 1863; Messrs. Toomer and Lavette dropped out of the professional ranks after brief service; Thomas Price died in Cambridge, Mass., May 30, 1863; Mrs. Charles R. Thorne is in retirement in this city; the buxom Mrs. Wood waits, apparently, in San Francisco, Cal., March 20, 1873; Harry Russell is a member of a traveling company in the West; Mrs. J. H. King is in retirement in Boston.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

Stage-manager.....Mr. Robert Hamilton

BENEFIT OF JIM CROW RICE,

and positively last night of the Ethiopian Shake.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Private boxes, $1; boxes, 50cts.; pit, 25cts.; third circle, 37½cts.; gallery, 12½cts.

Doors open at half-past 6, and the performance to commence at o'clock precisely.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1845,

will be performed the excellent piece of

THE OBEAH; OR, THE HAUNTED HUT.

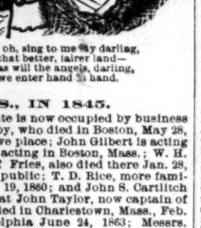
Mr. and Mrs. Lilly white.....Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert
Altamont Fitzwhite.....Clementine.....Miss Gann
Mr. Mestayer Jessy.....Miss Parker
Peter.....Curtis

THE HIGHLAND FLING, MISS M. PARTINGTON.

After which, for the second and positively for the last time, the new African opera of

OTELLO, OR THE NOBLEST NIGGER OF THEM ALL.

Otello, a Nigger of fifty years, and as black as bone ebony or somewhere thereabouts, but a Nigger as good as a White Man, and a little gooderer, turned General, and did the State some narbice. Snatches and patches not at present to hand.....Mr. Rice
The Duke of Venice, a judicious, accommodating gentleman, anxious to set matters right.....Mr. Curtlitch
Brabantio, a baron of Venice, father-in-law to Otello.....Mr. Lavette
Iago, Otello's Officer, from Salem, Massachusetts, at present speculating in the army.....Mr. Mestayer
Roderigo, a Nigger of fifty years, or what ladies call "a nice young man, and in love with Mrs. Otello; keeps a Tiger.....Mr. Keach
Cassio, a man of.....from the County of Lumerick, a storm proof repealer, rather in liquor, or the liquor rather in him, an injured man S. D. Johnson
Ludovico, a young gentleman of one of the first families in the city, the father originally captain of a lighter, and his mamma, only daughter of Major What-d'-e-call-'em.....Mr. Toomer
Montano, caught in a row with Cassio, but not disposed to fight.....Mr. Curtis
First Policeman.. } Gents of a sour nature, } Mr. Lavette
Second Policeman } and vulgarity called Grabski } Mr. Price
Desdemona—One of those nice creatures, with every-



one to their liking, and so became Mrs. Otello in spite of papa's instructions, black looks; lucky thing for Otello she hadn't any brother, or he might look back and bite.....Mrs. Thorne
Emelia, an intimate acquaintance of Mistress Otello, and considered a strange-minded woman.....Mrs. Woodward

Sundry other little matters, such as watchmen, gay young youths, whose mothers may not know they're out, by a sort of Swell Mob.

To be followed by the laughable farce of

JUMBO JUM.

Jumbo Jum.....Mr. Rice
Sir Solomon Sayso.....Third Laborer.....Mr. Price
.....Mr. Gilbert Deborah.....Mrs. Gilbert
Old Grub.....S. D. Johnson Arabella.....Miss Gann
Henry Heywood.....Keach Lady in White.....Miss Parker
First Laborer.....Russell .....Mrs Woodward
Second Laborer.....James Sally Snowball.....Mrs. Ring

To conclude with the grand comic ballet, in two acts, of

BONE SQUASH.

Bone Squash.....Mr. Rice
Jim Brown.....Mr. Curtis | More.....Lavette
Lubo, a dancing master.....Keach
Cæsar, a bootblack.....Toomer
Sam Switchell, the Yankee Devil.....Mestayer
Pompey Bubbles.....S. D. Johnson
Spruce Pinkey, a dandy darky.....Keach
Junietta Ducklegs.....Miss Parker
Janna Hoedown.....Ring

MUSIC IN THE COURSE OF THE OPERA.

"Oh, hurrah, day's breaking," "Dere's music in the horseshoe," "I wish I could sell myself," "Some say tomato de fiddle," "It was de oder morning," "Where two evil am to choose," "In a chimney tight," "Listen while I splain the matter." Oh, ladies, pray don't tease me so." Finale: "Save me, save me."

ON MONDAY EVENING a variety of popular entertainments.

In preparation, a comic pantomime, with entirely new scenery, dresses, tricks, etc., founded upon the adventures of the renowned traveler Baron Munchausen, in which the celebrated Signor Paulo, from the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane and Covent-garden, will appear.

## THROUGH THE MILL.

AN ORIGINAL CHARACTER DUET. BY BEN KING.

Sir, I see by your talk you were
once well off,
But to-day what you are matters
not;
Though you are poor, and I have
got wealth,
Who knows what may be my lot!
A few years ago you had houses
and land,
And servants obeying your will;
But now not a friend can you take
by the hand—
'Tis because you have been
through the mill.

*Chorus.*
But though rich, bear in mind, I'm
no better than you—
If poor, you're a gentleman still;
You've asked me for help, and I'll
see you through,
For the best men have been
through the mill.

*Poor Man*—Your kindness to me,
sir, how can I repay?
*Rich Man*—Don't let that trouble
your mind.
*Poor Man*—You have strengthened
my hope, and there may be a day
When fortune again I will find.
But I'll never forget this kindness
to me;
Though years pass, I'll think of it
still;

And I hope, sir, a poor day you'll
never see—
'Tis my wish, for I've been
through the mill.

*Chorus.*
Adieu, sir, I thank you; if we e'er
meet again,
With pleasure I'll pay back each
bill;
For you've lifted a weight from my
heart that gave pain,
And helped one that's been
through the mill.

One moment, my friend, before you
depart—
A few words I still have to say:
What I have given, I gave from the
heart—
Don't trouble yourself to repay:
For I think it a duty, when a broth-
er's in need,
To help him, and give with a will!
For I know what it is to be poor
indeed,
For I, too, have been through the
mill.

*Chorus.*
Though rich, bear in mind, I'm no
better than you;
Though poor, you're a gentleman
still;
It gives me much pleasure to take
by the hand
One who has been through the mill.

"WHOA, DAR."—J. K. Johnson will hold his horses while he reads the appended note, which charges J. K. with "literary piracy." So "Whoa, Dar," Mister Johnson:

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1878.

*Scribner's Monthly.*

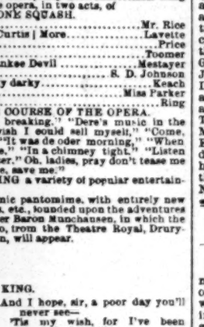
MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* In your last issue I see that the authorship of a song called "Whoa, dar, Nebuchadnezzar," is ascribed to J. K. Johnson. I would call your attention to the fact that this is a good specimen of "literary piracy." The song is taken almost word for word from a poem written by me and contributed to

The poem will be found in the issue of 1876, Vol. 12, No. 2, under the heading of "Brie-a-brac." I hope, in justice to me and in the interest of honest work, you will give this note a place in your paper. It may serve to deter other people from committing the same "mistake" as Mr. J. K. Johnson has done.

Yours respectfully,
IRWIN T. RUSSELL.

## THE PRODIGY.

You have, doubtless, seen this young lady many times, although you may fail to recognise her here. It will be necessary only to explain that she is the great child-wonder, Little Buttercup, in order to insure her a cordial reception. Little Buttercup is a genuine prodigy. She has been on the stage nine seasons, and she is now only eight years of age. This may appear somewhat startling at first, but we have the assurance of her mother as to the child's age—and of course the mother of a prodigy could not tell a lie—while the record of her stage experience is fixed by the playbills. Little Buttercup is one of the most effective Evas ever seen. She has played that character a great many times, and has learned to die in the most improved fashion. When she gets to be six or eight years older, and has ceased to play Eva and to die, young men will get down on their knees to her and murmur "Eva of three"—perhaps. And then again, if she should turn out to be strong-minded, mathematical and generally disagreeable, and if she should marry a man with a hot temper, he might seize on the Eva of other seasons and 'eave'er out of a fourth-story window. This is horrible to think of—almost as horrible as the pun. Let us hope, however, that no such shocking fate is in store for Little Buttercup. Indeed, it is not reasonable to believe that a maid of such a sunshiny disposition will ever be made crabbed or vixenish by time. When she ceases to be a prodigy, she ought to glide naturally and gracefully into the character of a leading lady. As yet, Little Buttercup has not enjoyed the advantages of gratuitous advertising which has been lavished upon some of her rivals; but she does not despair. By continuing to die every night (except Sunday), and twice on Saturday, she cherishes the hope that sooner or later some philanthropic society will be moved to take up her case, carry it into the courts and thus open the way to columns of newspaper notices. These societies really do the profession a great deal of good, and if they do not get their reward in this world they certainly will in that to come.



LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

# THE RING.

## THE KILLING OF LOUIS ASH.

**Bill Davis Acquitted of the Charge of Murder.**

The trial of William M. Davis, the well-known pugilist, on the charge of murdering Louis Ash, was concluded at Virginia City, Nev., Feb. 10, and resulted in a verdict of not guilty. The tragedy occurred in a house of ill repute in that city last October. Davis at the time acting as a special policeman, and particulars were then published in THE CLIPPER. The material testimony elicited at the trial is given below:

FOR THE DEFENDER

Castellero Morrallis testified: I know Mr. Davis, the defendant. Have known him since September last. Know Albert Skinner. On the night of Oct. 8 last I was on D street, at No. 15, taking care of a sick woman, on the same side of the street as 5½. About fifty yards south. I was asleep when the shooting occurred, and was woke up by a party in the next room. Saw Skinner crossing the street just after, as I went out. I called Skinner and asked how bad he was hurt. He said he was hurt by Davis, but he had got what he wanted, and, pulling a pistol from his pocket, showed it to me. He was about to say more, but a man with him told him to shut up and took him away. About three weeks after he told me that he took the pistol because he had loaned it to Ash and did not wish to be implicated himself.

Mrs Harvey testified: I live on D street, and keep a boarding-house in Piper's building; was there on the 8th of October last; I was near the door of No. 8 when the row was going on. Ash raised the window and wanted to quarrel with Mr. Davis; I saw him when he came to the door; he had a pistol in his hand; he shot at Davis and Davis dodged back; then Davis rushed in, and I heard four shots very quick; Davis went in the back door. After that Ash came out and fell, and Skinner rushed up to him and picked up his pistol, and Davis hit him with his cane; my cook rushed out, and Davis hit him. Cross-examined: Have not been in 5½ since Ash lived there. Have known Skinner for years; I never said I would get even on Skinner in the Davis case because he got clear. I saw Ash had against him. Saw officers about after the shooting. Told Skinner I would have to testify against him next day; Skinner loaned Ash his pistol; Ash told him that Davis had insulted him; Ash told him that if he was insulted in his own house he could blow his brains out and have the law on his side.

John Crossley testified: I was in this city in October last; know the premises at No. 5½ D street. I was inside of the door of the dance-house across the street on the 8th of October, and heard a voice on the other side. Heard three shots about an hour before Ash was shot. I was in front of the Sacramento Saloon when the other shooting took place, and Farnworth and Desmond rushed out, saying: "They are at it again." At the time the shooting was done I heard five shots. I was on the Sacramento Saloon corner. After the shooting I walked up to the Delta with Davis. He said he had his pistol, and that there were four shots out of it.

Miss Belle West testified: I live at 12½ D street, south of 5. I can see plainly across from my house to 5½. I was living there on the morning of October 8 last. Know Davis, and had known Ash a few weeks before he was shot. Saw Ash that night on D street, about half an hour before the shooting; also saw him at the time of the shooting. I was at my window. I had lifted my window and turned down the light in my front room. I saw Ash at the window of his house before the shooting. He raised the window and said: "Come in, Bill Davis, you son of a b—. I'm in my house, and you can't arrest me." Davis said: "I'll arrest you," and he caught him by the head and shoulders to pull him out. Two men and a woman inside pulled him in. Davis then walked on, and Ash came in the hall-door and said: "Come on, you son of a b—," and fired one shot at Davis. Then Davis rushed into the hall and began to shoot. I heard five shots fired in all.

Chris. Heidtman testified: I am a waiter at the City Bakery. On Oct. 8, between D and E street, on Louis Ash on the night of the shooting; I left opposite 5½ a few minutes before; I had seen a crowd collect at No. 5½, and I came to see what was the matter. I heard five shots fired—three first and two afterwards; the two first came in quick succession, then one, and presently two more. The man from inside fired the first shot. I saw Skinner on the sidewalk just after the shooting. He was talking with Davis. Davis said: "If the son of a b— comes out again I'll show you what an officer of the law is allowed to do."

Colonel Taylor testified: I am a practicing attorney in this city. Have practiced here since 1863. Have known Davis for about five years, personally. Have known him by reputation since 1856—nearly twenty years. Have frequently heard his reputation for peace and quietness discussed. It is good. Never knew him to have been in a broil but once, and that was not his fault. Mr. Davis—he struck a man after being grossly abused by him.

Sheriff Kelly also gave evidence as to the prisoner's general reputation for peace and quietness. The only testimony for

THE PROSECUTION

that we have seen is that given in rebuttal and presented below:

James McAlley testified: I was in this city on the 8th of last October. Have lived in this city four years. I heard the report of the pistol shots. I heard them. I saw Charley Brown, Mrs. Harvey and Miss Morrallis. Had a talk with Mrs. Harvey about the shooting. It was about five minutes after the shots were fired. I was coming out of a house a few doors below No. 5½. Mrs. Harvey asked me what was the matter, and I told her that somebody had been killed in the back door. She appeared to be excited and seemed horrified; I have known Mrs. Harvey ever since I have lived in town; I used to be a miner, but am now dealing faro. Cross-examined: I was going home when I met the parties; I was in No. 17 at the time of the shooting; saw them about five minutes after the shooting; also saw a body on the sidewalk. I met the parties after I had seen the body; when I told Mrs. Harvey about the matter, she said: "Oh, my! that's horrible!"

Albert Skinner was recalled, and said: I saw Castellero Morrallis after the shooting, and he told me that he had had any conversation with Morrallis after the shooting about the pistol.

Chas. Marks testified: Have lived in this city seventeen years. Know the place called the Philadelphia Brewery. About two weeks ago Belle West came in there and said she would challenge Bill Davis. She did not say how she was going to clear him.

Here the prosecution rested, and the court adjourned until next day, when the opposing counsel made their arguments. District-Attorney Drake opening for the State. He said that at first his sympathies had been strongly prejudiced in favor of defendant, and he had anticipated, in fact hoped, that the verdict would be such as evidence was in, however, he had been so convinced of the defendant's guilt that all sympathy was withdrawn. He should start out upon the theory that the statement of Neate Bowen was absolutely true. The only thing affecting her credibility was the fact that Louis Ash was her lover, and the only motive for perjury was that of revenge, and her appearance on the stand indicated that she had no such motive. If Ash was unarmed, and did not fire the first shot at the defendant, then Davis was clearly guilty. The testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution was very strong, and it did not follow because they were visitors of houses of ill-fame that their testimony was not entitled to belief. The speaker then dwelt briefly upon the testimony of the different witnesses who heard but four shots, and made a careful analysis of Davis' testimony relative to the shots. During the argument Mr. Davis' wife and two little children came into the court-room and took seats by his side. Mr. Drake made an argument an hour and a half long, and at a quarter to 5 o'clock the jury took a recess for dinner.

The evening session was occupied by the speech of Mr. Dickson for the defense. He spoke for two hours and a half, arguing the legal points and presenting the legal authorities. The court-room was filled to its utmost capacity during the evening, and many spectators stood outside the doors waiting for a chance to get in. At the close of Mr. Dickson's address the court adjourned. At the opening of the court next morning, Mr. Lindsay made his last appeal for the defense. He refuted the charge of a conspiracy to convict by massing the testimony and showing an utter absence of the methods by which manufactured testimony is dovetailed together, while the testimony for the State fitted together as nicely as the most skilled mosaic, and made every thing else stamped it as spurious on its face. In his opinion, Desmond, the Captain of Police, was really responsible for the death of Louis Ash, and United States Marshal Ash and George I. Lammon had better be spending their money for the hanging of Desmond than Davis. His speech occupied two hours, and was listened to with the closest attention by the spectators. He was followed by General Kittrell for the prosecution, at the conclusion of which effort the Judge charged the jury, who, after being out nearly five hours, returned a verdict of acquittal.

MIKE HENRY'S TESTIMONIAL.—There was an old-time rally of the friends of this Brooklyn sporting man at Concert Garden, this city, on Monday evening, Feb. 18, when he was complimented with a testimonial benefit. The bill of attractions for the entertainment of the patrons was varied and strong, about all those whose names had appeared on the posters being good as the event; but though the singing, dancing, club-swinging, negroisms, etc., were meritorious, it was the doings of the Knights of the Fives that the people wanted particularly to see; consequently encores for variety performances were at a discount. Sparring in two rounds only was good as has been witnessed for a long time, being participated in by some of the best men in the two cities, and therefore everybody was satisfied with the show. The set-tos, in order, were between George McCarthy and Glass, Billy Edwards and Johnny Cash, Jack Dempsey and Jack Gallagher, Dooney Harris and Mike Noonan, Charley McIver and Lanagan, Dougherty and Callahan, Carmau and Toole, Johnny Dwyer and Arthur Mullen. The last-mentioned couple gave a grand wind-up. Mullen showing considerable improvement; while Edwards and Cash made a fine and rather warm display, "Dooney" showed Noonan how very well he could use his hands, and Leary proved more than a match for Smart Jack of Ward Four. Tom Nolan was M. C.

# AQUATIC.

## A SUGGESTION TO BOATING MEN.

We call the attention of the fraternity of oarsmen to the feasible plan suggested by the writer of the following, for the purpose of raising funds wherewith to defray the expenses of one or more important annual amateur and professional regattas at different points. Were the matter properly taken hold of, we see no reason why a satisfactory result might not be reached, and we trust that those who have at heart the interests of the sport, and are in a position to advance these interests, will give the subject the consideration it deserves. If they do, we may reasonably hope to see (in addition to events elsewhere) inaugurated upon waters adjacent to the metropolis a yearly open regatta similar to that which is now annually participated in by different classes of oarsmen on the Thames. We have about ceased to hope for the accomplishment of such a result through individual effort, but the success of one or more such entertainments as are here suggested, if given under the auspices of some of our prominent boating and athletic clubs, may be depended upon:

CHELSEA, MASS., Feb. 18, 1878.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I have lately introduced a plan to some of the principal boating men of Boston, by which, in my opinion, two grand rowing regattas may be brought off annually on our Charles river course, in addition to those we usually have, and without extra expense to citizens or oarsmen. It is that of having some of our athletic exhibitions (boxing, wrestling, etc., which we annually pay thousands of dollars to see, given by the boat clubs or gentlemen interested in aquatic sports; the proceeds above expenses to be put up as prizes for the rowing matches aforesaid. There can be but little doubt that three first-class athletic exhibitions might be given every season, for this object, to crowded houses, that would realize from dollars to dollars, which, though the singing, dancing, club-swinging, negroisms, etc., were meritorious, it was the doings of the Knights of the Fives that the people wanted particularly to see; consequently encores for variety performances were at a discount. Sparring in two rounds only was good as has been witnessed for a long time, being participated in by some of the best men in the two cities, and therefore everybody was satisfied with the show. The set-tos, in order, were between George McCarthy and Glass, Billy Edwards and Johnny Cash, Jack Dempsey and Jack Gallagher, Dooney Harris and Mike Noonan, Charley McIver and Lanagan, Dougherty and Callahan, Carmau and Toole, Johnny Dwyer and Arthur Mullen. The last-mentioned couple gave a grand wind-up. Mullen showing considerable improvement; while Edwards and Cash made a fine and rather warm display, "Dooney" showed Noonan how very well he could use his hands, and Leary proved more than a match for Smart Jack of Ward Four. Tom Nolan was M. C.

# BASEBALL.

## NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

This much-needed organization sprang into existence on the night of Wednesday, Feb. 20, the meeting which gave it life being held after the adjournment of the International Association Convention at Buffalo, which took place the same day. The immediate occasion of the creation of a State Association was the desire to arrange a code of championship rules to govern the contests of 1878 which are to take place for the State championship. Now that officers of a regular association have been elected, it is to be hoped that all our State professional clubs will at once join it and help to make it permanent.

Amateur clubs, outside of the colleges, require no national association. They can very readily play their games under the professional rules, and the arrangement of playing-rules is all the business an amateur association of the kind would be called upon to attend to. Not so with professional clubs, however. They need stringent laws to govern their players, outside of the playing-rules—laws which will prevent crookedness, revolving, and other evils connected more or less with professional play. For this reason, it is desirable that each State should have its professional association, outside of the regular National Association, like the International League, etc.

On the night of the adjournment of the Buffalo Convention the delegates in Buffalo from New York State clubs gathered at the Mansion House to arrange matters for the playing of a series of State championship contests. The delegates included Messrs. H. B. Phillips of the Hornells, J. Simmons of the Rochesters, E. R. Spaulding of the Buffalos, S. R. Townsend of the Stars, C. F. McCormick of the Binghamtons, J. L. Lynch of the Uticas, F. Higgins of the Haymakers, and E. H. Underhill of the Auburns. Mr. E. R. Spaulding was called to the chair.

On motion, S. R. Townsend, H. B. Phillips, C. F. McCormick, J. Simmons and J. L. Lynch were appointed a committee to draft a plan for the proposed championship. Messrs. H. H. Baker, F. Higgins and H. S. White were chosen a Nominating Committee. Subsequently, Mr. Townsend submitted a scheme to the effect that each club in the State entering for the championship shall pay $10 towards procuring a pennant. Four games must be played by each club with the other clubs, two to be played on the home grounds; these games to be governed by the rules of the International Association. All of the games are to be played prior to Oct. 1.

After the settlement of the championship matter it was moved that a committee be appointed to nominate officers of a regular State Baseball Association, and, this being done, Mr. Baker on behalf of the committee presented a series of nominations, which resulted in the election of the following officers: President, G. B. Chase, Utica; vice-president, J. W. Burnham, Hornellsville; secretary and treasurer, C. H. Dorschy, Troy. The Executive Committee will be composed as follows: E. B. Smith, Buffalo; E. H. Underhill, Auburn; C. F. McCormick, Binghamton. A committee is to draft constitution and by-laws. All clubs of the State desiring to join the Association should send in their name, place and secretary's address to Secretary Dorschy, Troy.

## OUTLOOK FOR THE COMING SEASON.

**Why the Boston will Win the Championship.**

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* The League as now constituted will probably remain through the coming season. At least the chances are that it will receive no additions, as the principal clubs whose membership it is desired to have signified their intention of joining the International Association. We could have wished, for the general good of the League, and to give its contests more of a national character, that the number of clubs in the field from the West should have been equal. But with four clubs in the field from the West, and but two in the East, it is our belief that the season of 1878 will close with the championship being won by the Bostons, the victory of the field as at present occupied shows the following clubs to be contestants for the pennant, viz., Bostons, Providence, Milwaukee, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati and Indianapolis. These clubs are in some respects evenly matched, while each possesses some advantages over the others.

The Providence Club, made up of such a variety of players, we venture to predict will come out last in the race, unless it should it survive to the end of the season.

The Chicagos, at present, we are unable to place (that is with any certainty) that, quietly, Ferguson means to win the pennant, possessing, as they do so much good material, but of so uncertain a character that, though they might occupy the second place in the contest it they would, they are as likely to come out third or fourth.

There then remain the Indianapolis and the Bostons, and here we believe the conflict is to come. While the former be the equal if not the superior of the latter in fielding, we judge the Bostons to excel in batting; and if we believed the Bostons of to-day no stronger than those of 1877, we would be disposed to think that the Indianapolis might occupy the first place in the race. But we consider that the Bostons have not only not lost any of their batting strength, but have decidedly improved in their fielding ability. To be sure, they have lost White and Brown, but they have gained Manning and Burdock, about an even exchange in batting, while the substitution of the former right field and the latter at second base will make the club stronger in its fielding than ever. The retention of so many of the old players from year to year, adding at points only which have been shown to be weak, is what gives the Boston Club its strength; and, possessing this element this year more than all its competitors, is what is to give it the victory over all comers. When other clubs shall have learned this lesson, then will baseball assume a new interest to all lovers of the sport. Y.

WORCESTER, MASS.—A correspondent at this place sends the following: "M. J. Flaherty, who managed a very creditable nine here for the past two seasons, is organizing a strong team for the coming season, and, providing he can make arrangements with the Agricultural Society, who own the grounds where they have played, will, we expect, have a nine here that will give any of the New England clubs a hard fight to defeat them. Of the old team he has Downey, who has caught for him in the Irvings for the past two seasons; Toner, who has played in the Lowells and Rhode Islands, and is a fine ball-player; Moran, a graduate from the Rollstones of Fitchburg, and who played with the Manchesters part of last season, and Gafney, who played with the Live Oaks of Lynn last season. The addition of Dunn and O'Brien, two

# THEATRICAL RECORD.

**Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.**

### THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

BY A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 25.

### LADIES' LIST.

Atkinson, Maude (of Johnston's Co.)
Atkins, Annie E.
Aimes, Pauline
Adams, Lucille M.
Beaumont, Stella (2)
Beaumont, Nellie
Blande, Edith (2)
Burnett, Ada
Bradley, Leanora (3)
Bremond, Jennie
Boshell, Louise
Beane, Fannie
Bennett, Fannie
Buckingham, Fannie
Bessie, Miss N.
Beaumont, Mrs M. (late of Goldene's Co)
Berger, Anna J.
Clinetop, Sallie
Chapman, Ellen (of Rose Harland's Co.)
Coleman, Clara (of Coleman Sisters)
Calder, Mrs. Ally
Connon, May
Christie, Miss
Clifton, Blanche
Carlton, Lizzie
De Brest, Amy
Durrell, Barrie
Duffield, Mrs. Pauline
Donaldson, Mrs. Virginia
Dayton, Lillie
Douglass, Fannie
Dunnap, Fannie
Elberts, Kittie B.
Evans, Mrs M. F. (2)
Forrester, Nellie
Forrest, Kittie (vocalist)
Foster, Mrs. Jas. H.
Fox, Annie
Fox, May
Fontainbleau, Blanche
Franzini, Mlle
Franzini, Mlle (violinist)
Feranzini, Mad. A.
Gaston, Maude (2)
Grey, Della (of Adelaide Thorne Chicago)
Gilday, Mrs. Chas.
Gray, Ada
Gooding, Mrs Florence L.
Griffiths, Louise (late of Chicago)
Gray, Mabel
Gilbert, Jennie
Howard, Jessie (of Texas Jack's Co.)
Howland Sisters
Hindle, Annie
Howe, Lillie
Hastings, Maude V.
Herd, Nellie
Herd Sisters
Jourdan, Alecia
Jetau, Emma
Johns, Effie
Kane, Georgie
Kellogg, Alice
Kaye, Mrs Minnie
Le Clair, Maggie
Lawrence, Nedora
Laverde Sisters
Lejour, Nellie
Lindsey, Jennie
Livingstone, Ida
Lucille, Fannie
Mansfield, Alice (of London, Eng. Mo. Music)
Louise (2)
Mulvey, Lizzie
Mc Jill, Mrs. Sadie
Mathews, Laurietta
Mitchell, Maggie
Maxwell, Miss
Norton, Ada
Nagle, Malinda
Nelis, Miss (bandoist)
Oakes, Mrs. Alice
Parker, Georgie (of Parker Sisters)
Price, Emma F.
Parker, Mrs. F. (of Parker Sisters)
Parker, Georgie & Lizzie
Richmond Sisters
Robeson, Erba
Robinson, Celina
Rignold, Mrs Geo.
Randall, Adelaide
Reynolds, Fannie V.
Stanley, Belle
Southgate, Alma
Shepperd, Alice
St. Felix, Madam
Starr, Susie
Volantie, Mlle. (2)
Washington, Sadie (2)
Walters, Nellie (vocalist)
Webster, Lizzie
Zoe, Mlle.
Zephy, Millie

### GENTLEMENS' LIST.

"Alexis" (19)
Alexander, Wm. B.
Armstrong, Harry
Aims, Fred
Allen, W. W. (of Adelp. Th. Chicago)
Australian Circus, Props.
Austin, A. S. (of Henderson's Co.)
"Alton"
Ainsworth, Frank (advance agent)
Allen, Jack (musician)
Allirange, Jule T. (2)
"A. C. F."
Bortis, Frank
Burnell Bros.
Baldwin, Ed.
Brown, J. (of Kendall's Co.) 17c.
Berry Bros. (circus prop.) 6c.
Bardwell, Fred (adv. agent)
Berger, Fred G.
Bemis, G. W.
Brown, Col. T. A.
Berry, Dr. Asa C.
Barnum, Henry (manager)
Bristol, W. H.
Butler, Robt. (of Olympic The., N.Y.)
Burke, Jno. M.
Bloson, Nat
Bennett, Frank and Eva
Butcher, H. C.
Butler, Harry (variety "biz")
Bell, Frank
Bryant & Williams
Bronson, Geo. W.
Barrett, Lawrence
Barrymore, Maurice
Bartley, Johnny
Barnes, J. (of Brown & Barnes)
Buffalo Bill's Manager
Barton, Tommy
Barton, W. B.
Benedict, Lew
Blitz, Francois R.
Barlow, M. G.
Baines, Albert
Batcheller & Doris (2)
Baughman, S. H.
Bentley, Walter
Byrne, J. H. (of Smith & Byrne)
Cole, Chas. W.
Chesnut, Thos. S (2)
Cummins, C. (late of Older & Cummins)
Clifton, Frank R.
Clarke, Kit
Dole, W. W. (2)
Clarke, Birch
Clayton, Frank
Cappell, David
Childs, Joe
Carson, Jr., Kit
Carter, Billy
Clayton, F. C. (of Clayton & Warner)
Cummings, Arthur
Cameron, D.
Clifton, H. D.
Case, Tipton (of Redmor & Case)
"Character Vocalist" (2)
Chase, Frank B.
Committ, C. C.
Cottrell, Chas.
Crawford, Capt. J. W.
Clapham, H. J.
Clayton & Weston
Campbell, Barney
De Vere, Billy (character "biz")
Desk, Ad
Devere, Wm. (of Coliseum, Chicago)
Drayton, Herr
Ducello, D. (circus prop.) 6c.
Diamond, Chas.
Deagle, Geo. J.
Doud, Frank (2)
Doty, Arthur
Dockrill, R. H.
Devlin, Richd.
Demer, John
De King & Olympia, Henri
Dodge, Ben
Dixon, Thos. B.
Dagwell, Frank
Delehanty & Henigler (2)
Drake, Ed. (musician)
Dowling, Joe J.
Dunn, James
Drew, B. (2)
Dailey, John
Downey, P. J. (of Brooklyn, N. Y.)
Everett, Geo.
Eakin, J. (of Gt. East. Circus)
Emerson's Minst., Manager
Emidy, Richd.
Evans, J. D.
Emmons, Chas. E.
Eugene, Mr. (of Adelphi, Chicago)
Ebbetts, E. W.
Ellis, Sam (candy "biz")
Enright, John (of Buffalo Bill's Co.)
Farini, Antonio (pianist)
Freise, Mr.
Foster, Dayle (late of Stevenland, O.)
France, Geo.
Fox, Jos. (of Dup. & Banvard)
Fox, Richd.
Fisher, Hugh H. (2)
Field, Fred R.
Fletcher, Walter (2)
Fields, J. C. (of Warner's Co.)
THERE ARE LETTERS in the Memphis (Tenn.) Post-office for Wm. S. Brown; J. H. Mack, manager of "Brunette Show;" Geo. W. Harley and Bryant's Minstrels; E. E. Basye, of N. Y. Comedy Co.; Jas. Heywood, manager Heywood Brothers Co.; and Warren S. Fox, agent South Carolina Minstrels.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Erie (Pa.) Post-office for the following: T. F. Thomas, manager Red Stocking Minstrels (2); and Miss Frank Norton of Edwin Clifford's Dramatic Co. (2).

LETTERS FOR THE FOLLOWING PROFESSIONALS are in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office: J. H. Slavin, E. Baldwin, Ellise Simpson and Billy Sharp.

Gorman, Eugene F.
Gilmore, R. S. (band master)
Guilford, Geo. J.
Guy, Geo. R.
Greenwood, Alex.
Gilbert & Sidney Ross, Ned (song and dance)
Good, A. D.
Gayler, Chas (dram. author)
Goulding, John
Gilroy, James
Grover, Leonard (2)
Green, A. (of Uncle Tom's Cab. Co.)
Gray, Chas. H.
Graves, C. L.
Harrison, Eugene H.
Hernandez, Montie
Homan, G. (of Sullivan's Co.)
Heeney, Edward
Hart, Dan. (minstrel "biz")
Howe's London Circus
Hawkins, D. R.
Hall, Geo. A.
Huber, Fred J. (2)
Hankin, Mckee
Horman, Geo. W.
Harris, Jos. (of Welch & Rice)
Howard, C. L. (of Thompson's Co.
Hotto, Harry
Hayden, W. R.
Hanson, Frank S.
Healy, John R.
Henderson, W. (of Harry W. Rice, W. H. (female impersonator)
Hunket, G. (of UncleTom'sCab. Co.)
Hudson, H.
Hughes, Jas. B. side-show "biz")
Irving, Phil. H. (2)
Ishister, R. J.
"J. G. S."
Jarrett & Palmer 6c.
James, Geo.
Keating & Flinn
Keating, John
Knight, G. (with Spaulding's Roll R., Manager (3)
Kirwin, Ed. (musician)
Kendall, H. A.
Kelly & Leon
Knight, Fred
Kuriz & Nellie
Kenny, Jno.
Kelley, Jno. (of Sheridan & Wagner's Minst.)
Leonard, W. (2)
Lyle, H. (2)
Le Clair, Geo. & Leona
Leopold, Ed.
La Rue, Ed. (gymnast)
Louden, J. J.
Langdon, W. H.
Lavitt, M. B.
Landis Bros.
Langdon, W. H (actor)
Lucas, Sam
Lavake, Will
Louanda, Nathon (gymnast)
Moak, J. A.
Morris, H. (of Morris & Fields)
Magee, Clem
Miller, Harry
Morris, Dan
Murphy & Mack
Miller, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Mitchell, J. J. (3)
Mulien, J. (of Mullen & Morree) (2)
Magee, John (pianist)
Murray's Circus, Conductor
Moncrell, Master
Monroe, W. O.
Martino, Prof.
Murphy & Co. (2)
McCaslin, Chas. H
Mayo & Pash (2)
Morrison, Lewis
Mitchell, Bill
Mitchell, Bill (of Rentz's Minst.)
Mealey, Ed. (musician)
Morton, Ed. S.
McManus, Mr.
McCormick, D. T. W.
McVicker, John'
Martin, Wm. (scenic artist)
Morton, C. H.
Mack, Wm. (of Our Boarding-Ho Co.)
Macey, Dave
Miller, "biz")
Mitchell, W. H. (of Rentz's Minst.)
Morris, Thos.
Macard, Fred
Melville, Jas.
Naunton, A. (2)
Newberry, Ed. H. (2)
Newberry, Chas. (3)
Noonan, Billy
Nowland, Roe
Norris, Chas
Newell, N. D.
Newberry, Ed.
Norris, Chas.
Orrin Bros. (2)
O'Brien, Teddie
O'Brien, Fred. (leaper)
O'Reardon, M.
Onley, Geo. (musician)
O'Brian's Circus, Leader band
Osborne, Harry
Ogden, Josh
Philion, Achille
Palmer, John
Pearl & Lewis
Pearl, C. C.
Parker, Lewis
Pastor, Tony
Peters, Gus (Dutch "biz")
Pettit & White (2)
Perry, J. H. (of Perry Bros.)
Parkes, J. (of London Circus)
Pieper, Carl (of Thomas' Orchest.
Preusser, Mr. (of Thomas' Orch.)
Pierson, H. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Pritchard, Spencer
Piaff, Conrad
Peck, Chas H.
Quinn, Eddie (2)
Rice, John
Rodgers, Eugene H.
Russell, Fred P.
Rice, Billy
Robinson, Forest M.
Ritchie, J. G.
Rogers, Loraine
Redmond, Chas.
Redmond, Jas.
Rosenbaum, Jr., E.
Redmond, J. (of Redm. & Devere)
Rosenow, Jas. J.
Rooney, Pat (2)
Rice, John (of Welch & Rice)
Roche, Joe
Rotti, A. (candy "biz")
Royale, R.
Reed, Alt. L.
Russell, R. F.
Kapier, John
Rice, Harry W.
Rice, W. H. (female impersonator)
Singer, Wm.
Sanford, Eugene M.
Smith, W. A. T. (3)
Sea nan & Morton
Skiff, M. T.
Searles, J. T., C. J. (of Dup & Ben Min.) (4)
Stone, D. W.
Stanley, Burton (2)
Sol
Smith, F. O. (2)
Swain, Sam C. (2)
Spaulding's Roll R., Manager (3)
Siebert, C.
Strickland, W. H.
Sieber, Tony
Stowe, Will H.
Sells Bros.
Searles, Thos. J.
Sheridan, J. F. 6c.
Swonsbourne, Mr. (2)
Sly, Dan
Searle, C. J.
Straight, Ned
Sprague & Blodgett
Stevens, Jolly
Sachleben, H. (of Thomas' Orch.)
Specht, H. (of Thomas' Orch.)
Sohst, A. (of Thomas' Orch.)
St. Ormo, Harry
Stephens, S. F.
Thompson, W. H. (with Bouciault)
Thomas, Theodore
Taylens, Clifton (2)
Titus, Alva
Tuthill, W. F.
Thompson, J. (of Thompson's Co.)
Turner, C (of Gilday & Turner)
Texas Jack
Terville, Walter
Tighe, James
Thornton, Johnny
Tinkham, Prof. W.
Tinkham, E. A. (2)
Thomas' Orchestra, Manager
Tucker, Jos. H.
Vivian, Chas.
Vere, Geo. W.
Van Amburgh's Circus
Vandenhoof, Geo.
Van Amburgh's Concert Priv., Man.
Vos, Ya
Wingfield, John
Weston, Sam
Williamson, Chas.
Westendorff, Robt.
Waite, J. R.
Ward, Thos.
Welch, Dr. T. W.
Wallace, Mr. (manfish)
Wylie, Billy (2)
Wilson, E. A. (2)
Welch, Eddie
Williams, Gus
Warren, Dave (Dutch "biz")
Wordep, Mr. (of Worden & Mack)
Wilson, C. A. (of N. O. Minst.)
Washburn, E. S.
Welch, Wm. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Williams, John (Lancashire Lad)
Welch, Chas. W.
Yearance, Frank L.
Yolantie, Mlle. (3)
Zeiss, Fred
Zoug, Chas. W.

### INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 25, '78.

Among the noteworthy events of the week in theatrical affairs in the metropolis may be mentioned the resuscitation and resurrection of our old but lamented friend "Uncle Tom," which has been clothed in a setting worthy of the fame of Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, under whose supervision and direction the piece has been reproduced. Looking at the great plantation-scene, with its hundreds of slave representatives and other auxiliaries, the spectator may almost fancy himself in the sunny South, taking part in one of those entertainments which used to round off the sharp edges of slavery, and afford a deal of real enjoyment to the ducky sons and daughters who took their stand "away down South in Dixie." Another event claiming notice was the opening of "The Standard Theatre," Broadway and Thirty-third street, a detailed account of which beautiful theatre was given in this paper soon after the completion of the edifice. William Henderson, a gentleman of considerable experience in Western and Eastern theatres, is the manager. Bringing with him a good name, and being alike popular with the public and with those who comprise his company, we welcome him as a valuable addition to the list of metropolitan managers, and shall be glad to chronicle his successful debut in this city. In the language of the deceased poet:

"Forever float that 'Standard' flag, etc.

.....In the large congregation of public lecturers and readers now ravaging the country is one reverend gentleman whose favorite subject is "The Hamites." Some of our friends may consider it in a personal light, and look upon "The Hamites" as a direct slur upon gentlemen of the Ham-fat persuasion; but we hasten to assure them that such is not the fact. It has reference solely, we are given to understand, to the descendants of one Ham, who lived in olden times, and who became popularly known as a member of he firm of Shem, Ham & Japhet, the latter, it may be well to remark, being in nowise related to Japhet whose life was made extremely busy by his self-imposed task of looking after his father.....Lotta is about as profitable a little twinkling star as is to be found shooting from place to place athwart the theatrical firmament. We should like to be the sole manager of twenty-four just such money-making luminaries. John Brougham once called her a "dramatic cocktail," but we prefer something better, and that is why we pronounce her a "wee julip." "But let that pass."

.....A gentleman named Easty has come westerly all the way from London, and is giving a series of readings in Philadelphia. He gets the bulge on late-comers and violators of the peace by closing the doors while he is reading and reopening them at the end of each number. In this way the Easty man is enabled to rise punctually without fear of being disturbed while he is making his elocutionary points. Why doesn't Count Joannes try this plan?

.....Masqueraders must hurry up their balls and things, else they will be shut out until after Lent; for it may not be known to frivolous and impious people that Ash Wednesday, which is the opening day of the Lenten season, comes on the 6th of March, when every man is supposed to give some heed to holy teachings, and cast aside the deceitful mask which has enabled him to shut the eye of his trusting fellow-creatures for nearly a twelvemonth and a day. So it is well for these wicked sinners to clearly understand that masquerades will be neither tolerated nor recognized by church-people during Lent.....While we are in this happy frame of mind, we would kindly suggest to the getter-up of the Congress of Culture and Beauty that he might make a big hit by securing the Lords for one week only, children half price, and exhibiting them as the "Happy Family *after* the Battle." It might prove to be a show of a more haughty culture character than the other affair, but still it would pay like the mischief. The combination, in order not to conflict with "The Danites," might operate under the name of "The Sanctified."..... The popularity of the vegetable and egg drama is increasing, and "The Shaughraun" now comes in for its share of provisions. When Doctor Landis first opened up this new field of dramatic enterprise, he was called a madman, as it might be—a man who was off his head, so to speak; but he showed the public that his head was on the level when he realized in the proceeds of his insane freak night after night, and silver dollars taken at par. Fuel was added to the flame when George the Count Joannes "struck in" and gave 'em heavy tragedy on the provision plan. What now.....W. J. Florence is a shrewd calculator. No sooner was the Silver Bill passed in the Senate than William secured passage in an Eastern-bound steamer, intending to be the first to introduce "The Mighty Dollar" to our foreign daddies.....The ladies engaged to do the beauty and culture business at the recent Congress in this city would fain interview their late manager, with a view to a closer acquaintanceship. He is probably engaged at present in organizing a Ladies' Reform somewhere.....Somehow tragedy doesn't go down with us, at all, at all, except when it is clothed in the garb of burlesque—then it draws like a two-ton-ic yoke of oxen. Maybe it would be better for some of our tragedy people if they were to turn their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, or some other useful agricultural weapon. Gore on the mimic boards does not pay when there is so much spilled on the realistic stage of life.....There was a free show of the moon in eclipse a few mornings ago, but there were but few of us up early enough to see it. People lose a good deal by lying in bed when eclipses and things like that are going on.....It may save many "Constant Readers" a good many "Anxious Inquiries" by our stating that, although of Polish extraction, Mme. Modjeska is not a descendant of the North Pole.....A half-soled broken Dutchman, no doubt envious of the success of the Irish drama in this country, sends us a lengthy communication condemning in scathing terms the Irish drama, and "those who write such villainous stuff." He launches out in a way that would create a worse ruction than that which took place in Princeton last week, were we to publish his literary effusion. Scribbling Irish dramatists, Irish actors, plays, and everything theatrical that savors of Irish, this beastly Dutchman, in a scurrilous, sarcastic tone, winds up his rigmarole with a bit of verse, which, as a curiosity, and to show the Dutch vemon that courses through the ignorant veins of this ill-natured and ungrateful foreigner, we append:

THE IRISH DRAMA.

There's always an "informer," who is everywhere at hand;
A brave young Irish gentleman, whose life is in demand;
A saucy Celtic "chambermaid," who aids in every way
A dissipated peasant, who's the hero of the play;
An army of the much-reviled but necessary "supes,"
Who get divided everywhere as warlike British troops;
A mob of tattered "Irish boys" who dance and shout "Hurroo!"
And sing atrocious choruses of what they mean to do;
A venerable parish priest, beloved of everyone,
Who don't object to whiskey and is rather fond of fun;
A tender Irish lady, who is beautiful and young,
And loves the hunted gentleman who's shortly to be hung;
A gallant British officer, so tender and polite
That he forgets his prisoner, who gets away at night;
The police defeat the "army" after some prodigious knocks,
They catch the base informer, and they throw him from the rocks;
The different loving couples by the parish priest are wed
To shouts of "Faugh-a-balagh!" and "The Green above the Red!"

.....We confess that the new play at the Fifth-avenue has puzzled us not a little. When it was first announced as coming from the French, we tried to believe that "Diaoulmaugh" was some weird idiom of the polite language, but after witnessing the performance, and meditating upon the names of the characters, such a belief lost all foundation. Prejudice, if nothing else, prevents mankind from associating the shillalah with France; and it is not natural to prefix Mons. to Patrick nor Mlle. to Bridget. If "The Diaoulmaugh" *did* come from France, it must have passed through Dublin on the way. And then, too, the same piece, under another name, has been brought out in Philadelphia. Verily, there seems to be the Devil somewhere in "Diaoulmaugh"—the good Devil, of course.....G. W. was undoubtedly a good boy, skilfull with the hatchet, a lover of truth, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; but as a theatrical purpose it must be recorded that his birthday this year was not a success. The wet weather interfered very seriously with the extra matinees, besides soaking the stars-and-stripes. George should endeavor to make his birthdays a trifle less moist.....It would appear that there are certain disadvantages as well as benefits growing out of a marriage with a prima-donna. There is the Baron Von Wallhoffen, for example, who won the lovely Lucca. A recent decision of the court compels the Baron to bear the costs of a lawsuit brought against the lady; and as his purse is not barren, of course he will have to come down with the dust. Let him comfort himself, however, in the thought that if this lawsuit had never been instituted, the appended lines would probably have been lost to the world:

A PLAIN CASE.

For better or worse he took 'er—
The songful and beautiful Lucca—
And now he must pay
What the judges shall say,
Though it lessens his stock of lucre!

.....The recent death of Szigligeti, the distinguished Hungarian dramatic author, is to be deplored; but a part of our sympathies are reserved for the minister who was called upon to preach the funeral sermon, and who had to announce that name at least a dozen times in the couse of his remarks.....Now that the mystery of those South Carolina bonds, as associated with Pauline Markham, has been made plain, Pauline ought to be happy. Some other lady has been palming herself off for the shapely Markham, and likewise figuring in the financial affairs of State—the strength of her purse! And this leads us to offer a little solace in rhyme on

THE DOUBLE.

Miss Markham declares that her trouble
Arises from having a double,
Yet many's the maid,
Grown sour and staid,
Who's single and yearns to be double!

.....The new rig at the Grand Opera-house this week is Rignold. [This is not intended to be disrespectful to the singly George, but it is thrown in to relieve the rig-id formality of the notice.] Yes, we are to have Henry No. 5 in all his original glory, including the trained horse. [The reader will kindly throw the accent on "rig" in "original," and thus carry out our pleasant conceit.]

## FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Sarah Bernhardt, the French player, is to perpetuate the young King and Queen of Spain in marble. She reached Rome too late to get a cast of Victor Emmanuel, but she obtained permission to make a bust of Pius IX.....Mrs. Gaspard Maeder of Philadelphia was in this city on the 20th inst., on which date her brother, George W. Farren, left with Grover's "Boarding-house" Combination, also arrived here, and their mother, Mrs. George P. Farren, left for San Francisco, to take part in the production there of "A Celebrated Case." Mrs. Farren is one of the very few American actors of long service who have not yet appeared upon the Pacific Coast. She has for many years wished to make the journey, and at last the professional opportunity has presented itself. Several other actors have passed her.....An amusing incident occurred during the rehearsal of Wagner's "Rheingold" at Vienna. Herr Beck, the baritone, who played the part of the dwarf Alberich, should have been raised from the summit of a crag. But he lacked the nerve, remarking: "It is altogether too much to expect a dwarf to make such a leap." Then they tried to have a puppet do the work for him, but that made matters worse, and finally Director Jauner made the spring, and so encouraged the baritone that he at last did his own work, with hearty applause from those present.....It is announced that Genevieve Ward, an American who, except as an operatic singer, has not been honored in her own country, has signed with Jarrett & Palmer for a series of dramatic performances in the United States next season, opening in Booth's Theatre, this city. Philadelphia will doubtless.....The "Fra Diavolo" is the latest for the ladies. It is a round-hat, trimmed top-sided, and will make almost any feminine look quite crushingly sweet.....The Craig "Diaoulmoul" and "The Diaoulmaugh," the new piece at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, and the Fifth-avenue Theatre, this city, is described as a "Chinese puzzle with an Irish name. The more correct title of the two is pronounced "Jowlmoch."

.....Max Pinner, a young American piano-player who has been perfecting himself abroad under Liszt, arrived here on Feb 20. He will make this city his residence, and purposes appearing in concerts.....Mrs. Barney Williams, who has left her daughter at school in France, also arrived by the same steamer

"Nip," one of the two recent acquisitions to the oddities of our Aquarium, put on immortality on Washington's Birthday. He was a chimpanzee, which is a sort of cousin-german to the ourang outang. In coming to this country he caught cold in the draught caused by the steamship-captain giving orders through his trumpet in a fog. He died of quick consumption, aged two years. He leaves an equally young sister, who accompanied him professionally to this country. Their parents, who reside in Africa, will have universal sympathy in this their hour of bereavement.....While playing in Galveston, Texas, Frank Mordaunt received from his brother a telegram announcing that his mother was dying in Brooklyn, N. Y., and that his wife, also a resident of that city, was prostrated to live.....We have not heretofore adverted to the story that Clara Louise Kellogg is engaged to be married to Tom Barlieman the singer. The father of Miss Kellogg denies that she is under any engagement to anyone, always excepting Strakosch and the dear public.....At the Fifth-avenue Theatre, this city, during the matinee on Washington's Birthday, the orchestra played the national anthem. Startled by sounds so strange, the entire audience left their seat. When at last they realized that the air was "The Star spangled Banner," and not something new in the opera-bouffe line, they sat down again.....S. B. Mills the pianist is to visit England in May next.....Mme. Benjamin, the eccentric lady who exhibited trained dogs at various bench shows throughout the country, sacrificed her own life in the interest of her pets. To feed them, she deprived herself of needed nourishment.....As she was about to start for San Francisco on Feb. 20 to play Valentine in that drama with a title that is without significance in English, "A Celebrated Case," Miss Louise Sylvester was called upon to take the place of Miss Sara Jewett as adrienne, the latter having become ill. This is not the first time that Miss Sylvester, whose line is soubrette, has been called upon to enact much graver roles. She has taken Miss Jewett's place before at the same house, notably in the Winter season of 1876-7, as Mathilde in "Miss Multon."

Dr. B. Talbot, a well-known veterinary surgeon in this city, and a graduate in London, Eng., as well as here, is to make his debut upon the stage of the Theatre Comique March 4, in an exhibition of Bogardus and Palmo in glass ball shooting.....Stuart Robson, who has already had a sister upon the New York stage, introduces his daughter to a metropolitan assemblage to-night at the Park Theatre.....Val Yose the ventriloquist is to return to Australia towards the close of March.....Judic and Mlle. Theo, French notabilities in the histrionic field, have at last joined hands across the bloody chasm, and it is on the managerial card for them to play together soon.....Nathilde and Adelaide Phillipps are to appear together in concert at Chickering Hall, this city, March 4, in which

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RATES.

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New York, Nov. 8, 1875.
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